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Original Poem.

THE EYE THAT SLEEPETH NEVER

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

There is an eye that sleepeth never,
Eye by mortal ken unseen;
That like parent's eye hath ever
Round our pathway watching been;
Ne'er a thrill, a ray of gladness,
Pours a sunshine o'er the soul,
Knows the heart no shade of sadness,
But that eye doth mark the whole;
That stern eye that sleepeth never,
Tireth never, marks the whole!

Wind, or wave, or fate, or distance,
In this world may part us far;—
Be the bark of our existence,
Reft of sails or guiding star;
Yet that eye that sleepeth never,
O'er our wandering footsteps, there,
Like a mother's, watcheth ever,
Up from death our feet to bear;
Spite of wind, or wave, or distance,
Up from death our feet to bear!

Pilgrim, in the desert pining,
Hopeless, with nor chart nor sign;—
Where some blissful isle is shining,
Long'st to kiss the hidden shrine?
On the desert dark a ranger,
On the desert dark and vast,
To life's flowery vales a stranger,
Thou shalt reach that isle at last;
Pilgrim, in the desert pining,
Thou shalt reach that isle at last!

Prisoner! pale, and faint and lonely,
Tenant of the sunless cell;
Where the clang of bars may only
Strike thee like a dull death knell;
Know the eye that sleepeth never,
Marks thee wan and ghastly grown;
Marks thy thin lips' anguished quiver,
Through thy walls so dank and lone;
Marks thee pale and faint and lonely,
Through thy walls so dank and lone!

Pirate! on the bounding ocean,
That dost laugh to hear the gale,
O'er the wave in mad commotion,
Bellow through the shredded sail;
While thy blood-red blade is flashing,
Deem'st no seeing eye is near?
On thy cowering victim dashing,
Learn to tremble and to fear;
Pirate! on the bounding ocean,
Sheathe thy dagger, pause and fear!

Murderer! to thy victim stealing,
By the moon's enchanted beam;
Where the shades, no sound revealing,
Drink thy dagger's fitful gleam;
Though the stillness be unbroken,
In the dim and lofty room;
And the midnight send no token,
Through the strange, unearthly gloom;
Murderer! to thy victim stealing,
God's stern eye looks through that gloom!

Original Tales.

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT.

THE DISHONORED CHECK.

A Tale of London Life.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Arrived at his chambers, and flinging the reins to his tiger, Frederick hastened up stairs and commenced a rummage among his papers, and an examination of his accounts, grinding out from between his compressed teeth sundry execrations at his quondam friends.

"The low, contemptible, money-mongering wretches, to hunt me up in a corner and fasten on me as they would on a common swindler, devoid of honesty, and incapable of truth. Curse them! but I will be equal with them yet."

And yet, after all, if our friend had but given the matter a thought, they were not so much to blame. They only wanted security or money—nothing but their unquestionable due. All Frederick could offer them was protestations and promises, things valid enough in a rich man, but mere words, verbiage or chaff in the mouth of a poor one. They, cautious, prudent, thoughtful souls, could not imagine any man so utterly devoid of common sense as to allow months to pass over without looking at an account, or opening that test volume of their divinity—the banker's book; and hence, as a matter of course, they judged that he must have known when he gave them a check for so large an amount as £1,250, that there were no effects to meet it—and if he did know this, they thought it looked something rather like a swindle; or, as the last resource of a desperate, if not dishonest man; accordingly, they set themselves to work to make themselves as secure as possible under the anticipated loss.

Frederick found his accounts in almost hopeless entanglement. The accounts of purchase and sales of stock, shares, &c., had been, as received, generally thrust into his pocket, and there remained, chafing and wearing away, until their bulk became troublesome, and then they were thrown pell-mell into the drawer of his bureau. Some were torn in half, in others the dates were worn off, while many appeared lost altogether. Assorting them in the best way he could, and making a debtor and creditor account of the purchase and sales, he reduced them to something like order, though still very far from correctness. Then taking his banker's book, he took from its side pocket all the checks which had been presented and paid by his bankers, and carefully examined the signatures, to see that they were all his writing; he found them all regular, and all entered correctly in the order of their dates to his debits in the pass book. He next took and separated all his checks on private account, and here he made a discovery!—a most perplexing, incomprehensible, and overwhelming discovery. He found that he had spent upon himself in twenty-two months, no less than six thousand five hundred and odd pounds.

Pooh, nonsense! I must have got two or three heavy business checks in the sum, he thought, and he went over the items again; they were all for "self,"—"petty cash,"—or to pay some one or other with whom he had nothing but personal and private transactions.

"Six thousand five hundred pounds!—impossible!" and he started up and walked about the room with an unequal step; sometimes pausing and running his hands through his hair, or bending his head as if in very abstruse thought. "Where can the money have gone to; it must be a mistake," and he sat down to examine the account again. The figures were all there, every addition was painfully correct—the money was gone—spent, melted, vanished. He tried to recollect how, when, and where he had spent it. In pictures, horses, and articles of frivolous taste he could trace a couple of thousand gone. In furniture and clothes perhaps a thousand more—the rest was a blank—he had some faint idea of its having slipt through his fingers, but it seemed like a dream.

Just at this juncture the messenger from Hancock & Co. arrived, to take possession of the removable valuables, and to install a protector in the shape of an adjutant bailiff in possession of the immovables. The business of removal was soon effected, and pictures, plate and jewellery were deposited in a light spring wagon—while, for the horses and carriages an order for delivery upon the stable-keeper was given, and the messenger departed, leaving the bailiff in the kitchen paying his addresses to the cook for something to eat.

In an hour's time the messenger returned with the intelligence that the livery stable keeper would not permit the removal of the horses and carriages until the amount due for a fortnight's stand was discharged, amounting to twelve guineas.

This was exceedingly inconvenient, as Frederick had not much above that amount of change, and now the magic of the check-book was gone, he might be run dangerously short.

"They are all alike," he muttered, as he deposited the amount in the messenger's hands, and was again left alone to pore intensely over his perplexed budget of expenditure and deficiency. He thought and thought, and tried to discover how he had spent his money, but in vain; a mist seemed to gather over his memory, and his mind grew entangled and puzzled—a cold sweat hung on his brow, as if he were panic-struck. At length wearied and disgusted with his sickening task, he flung the papers away from him, and retiring to his room tumbled himself on his bed all dressed, as he had driven from the city, and dreamed that he had turned out a villain and a swindler, was hunted by the police, and took refuge in the magnificent drawing-room of the elegant and fascinating Lady B——, at which he had ever been a welcome guest, and while in the very act of conversing with her ladyship and her beautiful sister, was pinioned and handcuffed in the very midst of a brilliant assemblage, and with the *dishonored check* pasted on the front of his hat was marched off to Bridewell prison. He awoke in a terrible flurry and felt devoutly thankful that it was only a dream.

About ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, his valet awoke him again, with the information that two men were in the parlor who had asked a good many questions, as to where he was, and wished particularly to see him: "and" added the wide-awake fellow, "I locked the bed-room door, for in my opinion, they look more like a couple of Bow Street runners than anything else; and I thought as if you knowed of anything wrong, you might dive down the back staircase, and I'd find that you had gone out for a morning walk."

"Well," thought Frederick, "this is another scene in the drama, my dream is surely going to be realized—however, Robert, show them in," he added, aloud.

"Show 'em in, sir, did you say?"

"Yes! show them in,"—in they accordingly were shown, and walked up deliberately to Frederick, one on each side, and remarked that "they were sorry to trouble a gentleman, but they held a warrant for his apprehension, and when he had time they would trouble him to go with them to Bow Street."

"A warrant for MY apprehension!" exclaimed Frederick. "You must be mistaken."

"No, 'taint no mistake; it's a warrant out against you, at the suit of Moses Hodge, for obtaining property under false pretences."

"Pooh, pooh, ridiculous," said Frederick, "it is too absurd. I'll go with you directly—come along."

"Hadn't you better shave and dress first?" said the officer, looking at Frederick's disordered toilet.

"No no, come along—I can do that when I come back."

"Of course the gentleman knows best, so come along;" said the second officer—"I s'pose we have a coach."

"Yes, yes—by all means; anything you like," said Frederick, impatiently; and the trio descended the staircase, entered a coach, and were speedily in the presence of the magistrate; while the servants at home held a solemn debate upon the reasons and nature of this sudden change, and connecting their master's apprehension with the removal of the pictures and the adoption of the bailiff, they came to a unanimous conclusion "that there was some screw loose, and it would be all up with their situations; more was the pity, for poor master was a regular trump, and where there was one better, there was fifty, aye, a hundred worse." After which they went to breakfast with the bailiff.

After some hours attendance, during which the magistrate disposed of sundry cases of misdemeanor, depravity and drunkenness, our hero was placed at the bar, and the warrant read over. Moses Hodge, the horse-dealer, was there, and a villainous sour-looking attorney, who arose and addressed the court on behalf of the plaintiff.

"This," he said, "was one of those cases of swindling so lamentably on the increase in this metropolis, in which men, wearing the dress and having the deportment of gentlemen, contrive, by surreptitious means to possess themselves of valuable property, without the prospect or intention of payment. This case was one of peculiar suffering on the one part, and of villainy on the other. His client was a poor man, the bulk of whose property was invested in a remarkably fine horse, to which the prisoner at the bar took a fancy, and agreed to become the purchaser at the price of £125. Being dressed up for the occasion, and acting thoroughly the part of a gentleman and a man of property, my poor client most unsuspiciously delivered the horse into his possession, and accepted, in payment, a check upon a banking house in Lombard street, for the amount—which was duly presented the same day, and immediately and contemptuously thrown back to my client, with the words '*no effects*' written across it. He wrote to the prisoner immediately, but received no reply—becoming alarmed and fearing he had fallen into the hands of a sharper, he hastened to the stables at which he had deposited the horse, to endeavor to recover it. To his utter dismay, he found from the stable-keeper, that his horse had been removed—and from what the keeper learnt from the person to whom he delivered it, he found it was PAWNED—yes, PAWNED to a house in the city, on the very day when the prisoner knew the worthlessness of his check would be discovered—the very day after he had purchased the horse, and so obtained its possession.

"Two months ago, a similar case came before this court, as your worship will remember, in which the swindler was committed to the assizes, and there convicted, and thence transported for seven years. Only last *week*, a precisely similar case came before the Lord Mayor—which his lordship likewise sent to the assizes, and strongly expressed his determination to do all he could to prevent educated scoundrels from preying upon honest tradesmen by means of worthless checks, which tended to cast discredit upon a most convenient mode of doing business. I am sure that in this case, more flagrant than either of the two referred to, the court will express its sense of this heinous and heartless offence, and at once protect society, and award justice to my injured client."

Witnesses were called, who substantiated the plaintiff's case, and the magistrate called upon the prisoner at the bar for his defence.

Poor Frederick's appearance was sorely woe begone; he had eaten nothing since his breakfast the preceding day, and it was now late in the afternoon; his clothes looked dirty and tumbled with being slept in; his handkerchief was loosely and crookedly put on; his countenance was pallid, unshaved and not of the cleanest—what a contrast to the easy, indolent exquisite of yesterday morning.

He simply stated, in reply to the magistrate, that he had given the check under the impression that he had ten times its amount in his banker's hands, but through error on his part, he had overdrawn his account. Since the receipt of the plaintiff's letter, he had been so much engaged in elucidating the mystery, that he had not had time to reply.

"Well, but it appears in evidence," said the magistrate, "that the livery stable-keeper would not permit your horses to go until he had received the paltry amount of twelve guineas—had he known you to be a man of property, he could not have hesitated."

"I cannot answer for his conduct;" said Frederick.

"Well, well—but the horse"—continued the magistrate, "where is it; is it PAWNED?"

"I have raised no money on the horse," was Frederick's reply.

"But is it PAWNED, or is it not; can you restore the horse?"

"The horse," said Frederick, "is with other horses belonging to me in the custody of a house with whom I do business. It was very inadvertently included with them, and may, I, think, be restored."

"*What house*; in what *business*?" asked the magistrate.

Frederick replied that "he was not at liberty to say."

"Have you any witnesses to call?"

"No," said Frederick.

"Have you any friends who can speak as to your character—is your legal adviser here?" inquired the magistrate.

"In truth," said Frederick, "I thought the charge of such little importance, that I neither employed my professional adviser, nor did I inform any of my friends."

"Well then," continued the magistrate, "I would advise you to do both as soon as possible. As the case stands before me it has an exceedingly bad appearance. You purchase a valuable horse, pay for it in a check you must of known was valueless—and as soon as you obtain possession of the horse you pawn it; I would fain judge charitably, but on the face of these facts, it is exceedingly difficult not to suspect an intention to defraud. I shall order the case to stand over until Tuesday next, in order to give you time to consult your legal adviser, and to produce evidence; and in the mean time, require you to find bail yourself in £500, and two sufficient sureties in £250 each, to appear before me on that day—or in default, to be committed to prison forthwith."

To send for his legal adviser and explain to him his position from first to last, chapter and verse, was but short work. His solicitor procured efficient bail, and Frederick left the police office with the feeling of a man who has been nearly smothered in a filthy coal mine and only feels half safe on emerging into open daylight.

Next morning's Times in its police report announced that "yesterday a dissipated roue-looking personage calling himself Frederick Harrison described in the Police Sheet as a *gentleman*, Heaven save the mark! was brought up in the custody of two officers before Mr. Twyford, charged with having swindled a poor man named Moses Hodge out of a valuable horse worth £125, by the stale trick of a worthless check. It came out in evidence that he had *pawned* the horse. The case is remanded until Tuesday next."

The Morning Chronicle informed the world "that the well known West End fashionable, Mr. Frederick Harrison, whose recherche equipage has so frequently been envied and admired, figured in a most woe begone plight before the sitting magistrate at Bow street yesterday, charged with something in *horse jockeying*, far too clever to be honest: we reserve our report at length, as the case is remanded until Tuesday next."

The "Morning Post" which had so often chronicled his name as the guest of nobility and fashion seized upon the expose in a regular who-would-have-thought-it style, and with its bungling attempts at explanation upon every hypothesis but the correct one, made the matter a perfect botch.

"Well," said Fred to himself as he saw all three comments. "London is evidently getting inconveniently warm. Yet if I go I shall be considered a decamped swindler, and if I stay I can look no body in the face, and even if the matter was all cleared up there would be hundreds who will see these accursed exposures who will never see the brief unexciting announcement of their being honorably explained, and one half of those that do see it won't believe it, so that I am in a very comfortable position truly for a man who has toiled hard nearly all his life, and who would not injure a worm on the earth willingly. Swindler indeed! It must be fate."

In the course of the afternoon a gentleman called from Messrs. Glyns & Co. and presented their compliments with a request that he would hand them the £11,17s.10d, due to them, close the account, and return such checks as he might still have remaining blank in the check book.

Frederick was again stung to the quick, but he had become more hardened or resigned, the one or the other, and produced his check book from which with a pen-knife he cut out the blank checks, and handed them to the messenger of the bank. "I am very sorry," he said "that I am at present unable to comply with your further request to hand you the balance—a sudden and unexpected deficiency in my disposable means has left me without resources at command, but as soon—"

"Nay, Mr. Harrison, the sum is so exceedingly small I am sure you can place us in a position to square the account without delay—it is not the amount we care so much about as to avoid keeping unsquared accounts of this nature."

"I am aware," said Frederick, "of the smallness oft he sum, but you must represent to your house my temporary inability to comply with their request and my assurance of being shortly in a position to do so."

"Perhaps you could name a date by which to settle this small affair," suggested the messenger.

"Indeed I cannot; it may be immediately or it may be several months."

"We should prefer a date even if distant," persisted the messenger.

"Well then say certainly in six months," replied Frederick.

"This day six months" wrote the clerk, and taking the checks, made a most polite bow and departed.

When Robert his valet had shown the bank messenger out, he ushered in himself at the head of John the "tiger" the housemaid and the cook—putting his hand to his forehead in obeisance fashion he essayed to speak as the representative of his fellow servants.

"We thought, sir, as how we'd like to ask you if you would want us much longer; we should be very sorry to leave you, sir, but it becomes the likes of us as has our bread to earn to look out for sitivations in time, sir."

Now Frederick would willingly have told them to go, but he knew the next thing would be their wages; he had nothing in the world come-atable except a single sovereign, and he began to entertain serious doubt whether he should find any errors in his bankers or brokers accounts which would enrich him at all. He was fairly ashamed and perplexed; he could not ask his servants to wait, they could not do without their wages, neither could he pay them.

His servants saw his confusion and difficulty, and with the intuitive acuteness of London servants guessed the cause. Robert shut the others out, and carefully closing the door, intimated in an embarrassed, half confidential kind of manner—

"That for the matter of their wages, they had been thinking that as the trifle of money would perhaps be of more service than usual to their master, that they could take a few things out of the chambers—a few old clothes and bits of furniture that weren't no use, and sell 'em for their wages, and any thing over they would be sure to bring to him."

Frederick felt as if suddenly saved from some great danger, so great was the relief Robert's proposal gave him—saving, as it did, the humbling confession to his own servants that he was unable to pay them.

"Well, Robert," he said, "in truth just now I *am* rather short of money, and I should be glad enough to have you pay yourselves in the manner you propose; but stay, I don't see how it can be done,—that man is in the house."

"We can manage him, sir, if we have your consent. John and I will go out to-night, taking the key of the servants' staircase door, and if you would be kind enough to go out, and leave your Hopera ticket, the cook can seduce the bailiff away to the Hopera, as he can lock up all and put the key in his pocket. Then when they are gone we can come in and help ourselves to what you order."

Frederick acquiesced—the bailiff was outwitted—sundry and various articles were sold at prices vastly below their cost, but at the usual value in such cases—and Robert brought his master a sufficient sum to pay off his servants with a month's forward wages, and leave a few pounds over, which came very usefully for his own immediate wants.

He instantly changed his mode of living, and sank at once into humble lodgings, and the practice of a close economy. With the change came a corresponding activity of mind and relish for business. He applied himself to the winding up of his various stock jobbing speculations which he was compelled to do at a most ruinous loss; for no sooner were his brokers aware that he was "cleaned out," as they thought, than they suddenly discovered that his stock was unsaleable, except at prices below market value. Knowing that he must peremptorily sell, and being in their debt somewhat, that he could not withdraw the sales from their hands, they "worked the oracle" upon him; put sugar plums in the way of their friends in the shape of Frederick's stock, and shares at 15 and 20 per cent. discount; or perhaps sold the safest things to some latent partner of their own, with whom they could at leisure divide the spoil.

Frederick saw it all, but he was moneyless, and in debt to them for their advances. Remonstrance would only have provoked a cool and insulting intimation that "they should be happy to close the account, and hand over the stock they held, on receiving the balance due,"—and therefore he let them take their own course, urging them on as fast as he could in clearing all off.

When he finally wound up his accounts, and sold off everything, he found himself £6,300 in debt, making his expenditure during the twenty two months of his London life nearly £14,000. He arranged a mortgage upon his Cape property to the extent of £6,500, to discharge his liabilities, and pay his passage out again, and seriously turned his attention from fashion to farming. He easily disproved any felonious intent in his Horse-check affair, and managed to return Moses Hodge his valuable steed, which that excellent individual afterwards sold for something less than £40, as he was discovered to be spavined beyond remedy—and even at that price it was suspected that Hodge cleared an excellent profit by him.

And how did Frederick support himself during the six months that elapsed from the expenditure of his last available sovereign to the arrival of the deeds and valuations of his Cape Town property? A box of very fine cigars containing about one hundred pounds weight, which he had designed as presents, and his opera ticket, escaped the wreck of his property. Byselling his cigars to a Tobacconist at 7s. per lb., and letting out his opera ticket to Mr. Andrews, of Bond street, he realized a moderate sum, sufficient, with economy, to maintain him in comfort. His mind recovered its keen, observant powers—its elasticity and buoyant force, and he saw more of English and Metropolitan life during that brief period, than when rolling in luxury, or dabbling in the excitements of speculation.

The last time we saw Fred. was just as he was about to sail for Cape Town. "What, you are off at last," said we; "are you tired of England, or you find it too expensive, perhaps?"

"Why, neither, exactly," said he, "I am not tired of it, yet I want to be back again to see how things are going on at Cape Town—and as to expense, a man can live here as he pleases. I lived on £14,000 in twenty two months, and was nearly transported for being poor; and after that I lived six months on an opera ticket and a box of cigars, and always had enough. Good bye, my dear fellow, write to me sometimes.—and always keep a sharp eye on your bank account."

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES

Of the Old World.

NUMBER SIXTY.

ITALIAN WINTER—GALILEO'S TOWER—THE PHILOSOPHER'S VIEW—MOONLIGHT ON THE ARNO—ASCENT OF MONTE MORELLO—CHAPEL OF THE MEDICI—TOMB OF JOHN OF BOLOGNA—MORE ABOUT THE ARTISTS.

Florence, December 16, 1845.

I took a walk lately which I had been long intending to make—to the tower of Galileo. In company with three friends, I left Florence by the *Porta Romana*, and began ascending the *Poggio Imperiale*. This beautiful avenue, a mile and a quarter in length, leading up a gradual ascent to a villa of the Grand Duke, is bordered with splendid cypresses and evergreen oaks, and the grass banks are always fresh and green, so that even in winter it calls up a remembrance of summer. In fact, winter does not wear the scowl here that he has among us; he is robed rather in a threadbare garment of autumn, and it is only high up on the mountain-tops, out of the reach of his enemy, the sun, that he dares to throw it off, and bluster about with his storms and scatter down his snow-flakes, like a miller shaking an empty bag! The roses still bud and bloom in the hedges, the emerald of the meadows is not a whit paler, the sun looks down lovingly yet, and there are only the white helmets of some of the Appenines, and the leafless mulberries and vines, to tell us that we have changed seasons. I had really looked for more than this, in the latitude of Boston.

From the ugly villa at the top of the avenue, a quarter of an hour's walk, part of it by a path through an olive orchard, brought us to the top of a hill, which was surmounted by a square, broken, ivied tower, forming part of a store-house for the produce of the estate. We entered, saluted by nobody but a dog, and passing through a court-yard, in which stood two or three carts full of brown olives, found our way to the rickety staircase. I spared my sentiment in going up, thinking the steps might have been renewed since Galileo's time, but the glorious landscape which opened around us when we reached the top, nothing could change, and on *that* I *did* gaze with interest and emotion, as my eye took in those forms which had once been mirrored in the philosopher's. Let me endeavor to describe to you the features of the scene. It will be but a rough sketch, unless you know already how a mountain of olive-trees looks, and how beautifully the dark shafts of the cypress break the mellower green of the landscape, and what graceful crowns the Italian pines wear as they cluster up from some summit against the sky, and above all, how dreamy and dazzling is this Hesperidian atmosphere. But I will try.

Fancy yourself lifted to the summit of a high hill whose base slopes down to the valley of the Arno, and looking northward. Behind you is a confusion of hill and valley, growing gradually dimmer away to the horizon. Before and below you is the vale, with Florence and her great domes and towers in its lap, and across its breadth of five miles the mountain of Fiesole. To the west it stretches away unbroken for twenty miles, covered thick with white villas—like a meadow of daisies, magnified. A few miles to the east the plain is rounded with mountains, between whose interlocking bases we can see the brown current of the Arno. In front the view is bounded by the range of mountains bordering the valley, some of whose peaks, as well as the mountain of Vallombrosa, along the eastern sky, were tipped with snow. Imagine the air filled with a thick blue mist, like a semi-transparent veil, which softens every thing into dreamy indistinctness, and the sunshine falling slantingly through this in spots, touching the landscape here and there as with a sudden blaze of fire, and you will complete the picture. Does it not repay your mental flight across the Atlantic?

I plucked one of the balmy roses that were breathing around the foot of the tower, and then we went through highways and byways around the hills, with the villa where Boccaccio wrote his "Decamerone" on the right, to San Miniato,—where we deciphered an inscription in the wall, under an old image, before which San Francesco marvellously disappeared while conversing with a monk, and then descended again to the city.

One evening, on coming out of the *cafe*, the moon was shining so brightly and clearly, that I involuntarily bent my steps towards the river. I walked up along the *Lung' Arno*, enjoying the heavenly moonlight—"the night of cloudless climes and starry skies!" A purer silver light never kissed the brow of Endymion. The brown Arno took into his breast "the redundant glory," and rolled down his pebbly bed with a more musical ripple; opposite stretched the long mass of buildings—the deep arches that rose from the water filled with black shadow, and the irregular fronts of the houses touched with a mellow glow. The arches of the upper bridge were in shadow, cutting their dark outline on the silvery sweep of the Appenines, far up the stream. A veil of luminous gray covered the hill of San Miniato, with its towers and cypress groves, and there was a crystal depth in the atmosphere, as if it shone with its own light. The whole scene affected me as something too glorious to be real—painful from the very intensity of its beauty. Three moons ago, at the foot of Vallombrosa, I saw the Appenines all flooded with the same silvery gush, and thought also then that I had seen a brighter moon, and amid far dearer scenes, but never before, the same dreamy and sublime glory showered down from her pale orb. I should find it difficult, nevertheless, to describe the difference. It seems to lie in that *hazy clearness*, (if I may so term it) of the Italian atmosphere, which, while it softens, renders every thing more distinct; and its purple hue seems to color even the moonlight.

I leaned over the wall and looked on the city and dreamy amphitheatre of hills, till Memory had made a sketch of them to be looked over in future years. It was another leaf turned over in my book of romance. I had been afraid these skies and mountains and moonlights would nearly exhaust my book, but I find that the more leaves are filled, the more are left to fill. One scarcely knows how much of this seducing spirit he has in him, till he has looked on a few such scenes.

Some solitary lights were burning along the river, and occasionally a few Italians passed by, wrapped up in their mantles, talking in their shrill, effeminate manner, and I heard now and then their sharp nasal "*che!*"—unquestionably the most disagreeable interjection under heaven. I went home to the *Piazza del Granduca*, as the light, pouring into the square from behind the old palace, fell over the fountain of Neptune, and sheathed in silver the back of the colossal god.

Whoever looks on the valley of the Arno from San Miniato, and observes the Appenine range, of which Fiesole is one, bounding it on the north, will immediately notice to the northwest, a double peak rising high above all the others. The bare, brown forehead of this, known by the name of *Monte Morello*, seemed so provokingly to challenge an ascent, that we determined to try it. So we started early the day before yesterday from the *Porta San Gallo*, with nothing but the frosty grass and fresh air to remind us of the middle of December. Leaving the Prato road at the base of the mountain, we passed Careggi, a favorite farm of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and entered a narrow glen, where a little brook was brawling down its rocky channel. Here and there stood a rustic mill, and the women were busy spreading their washed clothes on the grass. Following the footpath, we ascended a long eminence to a chapel, where some boys were amusing themselves with a common country game. They have a small wheel, around which they wind a rope, and running a little distance, to increase the velocity, let it off with a sudden jerk. On a level road they can be thrown upwards of a quarter of a mile.

From the chapel, a gradual ascent along the ridge of a hill, brought us to the foot of the peak, which rose high before us, covered with bare rocks and stunted oaks. The wind blew coldly from a snowy range to the north, and we commenced ascending with a good will. A few shepherds were leading their flocks along the sides, to browse on the grass and withered bushes, and we started up a large hare occasionally from his leafy covert. The ascent was very toilsome, and I was obliged to stop frequently on account of the painful throbbing of my heart, which made it difficult to breathe. When the summit was gained, we laid down awhile on the leeward side, to recover ourselves.

It was truly a splendid panorama. We looked on the great valley of the Arno, perhaps twenty-five miles long, and five or six broad, laying like a long elliptical basin sunk among the hills. I can liken it to nothing but a vast sea; for a dense blue mist covered the level surface, through which the domes of Florence rose up like a craggy island, and the thousands of scattered villas resembled ships with spread sails afloat on its surface. Behind and on either side, was a confusion of brown and hoary summits and deep, rugged valleys extending from Carrarra to Vallombrosa. I do not know whether this is a very intelligible description, but perhaps your fancy may supply the deficiency. The sharp, cutting wind soon drove us down, and a few hundred bounds brought us to the path again, with but little improvement to the strength of our knees. Three hungrier mortals did not dine at the *Cacciatore* that day.

I have just returned from San Lorenzo, having for the first time visited the chapel of the Medici. The church, among the largest in Florence, is a plain, gloomy edifice, with arched galleries along the sides. Near the farther end there are two bronze pulpits, entirely covered with *bassi relievi* of remarkable workmanship. Just under the dome is a slab of marble, with the inscription "*To Cosmo the Great, the Father of his Country.*" A priest passing by, pointed to a side-door, telling us to enter and see the statues by Michael Angelo. It was a plain chapel, having on one side the tomb of Giuliano de' Medici, with the figures of Day and Night, and on the other, that of Frederick, Duke of Urbino, with the figures of *Death* and *Sleep*, all from the chisel of the great master. They display remarkably well the characteristics of his genius—grandeur and beauty, but rudeness and a tendency to distortion. They appear as if struck out of the marble in a fit of impatient enthusiasm, for the marks of the chisel are plainly visible in many places, and the figure of Day, in particular, has an unfinished appearance. The positions of the statues are full of grace, and they have a grandeur which every one must feel, though it would be difficult to describe it.

The chapel of the Medici is of wonderful beauty. The walls are entirely encrusted with *pietre duro* and the most precious kinds of marble, and the ceiling covered with gorgeous frescoes by Benevenuto, a modern painter. Around the sides, in magnificent sarcophagi of marble and jasper, repose the ashes of a few Cosmos and Ferdinands. I asked the sacristan for the tomb of Lorenzo the magnificent. "Oh!" said he, "he lived during the republic,—he has no tomb; these are only for Dukes!" I could not help sighing at the lavish waste of labor and treasure on this one princely chapel. They might have dared to slumber unnoted, like Lorenzo, if they had done as much for their country and Italy.

A short walk through the muddy streets brought me to *Sant' Annunziata*. I could not leave Florence without seeing the tomb of John of Bologna, the glorious old sculptor, whose fame is as enduring as his own colossal Appenine. He lies in a little chapel behind the high altar, with a matchless bronze crucifix, of his own workmanship, over his grave. Several of his bronze *bassi relievi* are fixed in the wall around, and thus he lies, like a warrior among his trophies. His colossal group of the "Rape of the Sabines," which I pass half a dozen times every day, and the "Mounting Mercury," in the Royal Gallery, are not surpassed by any work of Michael Angelo, and might have belonged to the palmiest days of Grecian art.

In going up the aisle, I found the tomb of the sculptor Bandinelli, whose group of Hercules and Cacus stands before the Palazzo Vecchio. His amusing quarrels with Benevenuto Cellini, and the honest face of his Hercules gave me a liking to him, and I looked at his tomb, surmounted by his statue of the "Dead Christ," with much interest. Andrea del Sarto, whose heavenly *Madonna del Sacco* is in the adjoining *campo santo*, is buried somewhere near.

This is one of the richest churches in Florence. The eye falls everywhere on gold and painting and precious marbles. The dome is covered with one great fresco, representing the ascension of the Virgin, by Volterrano. One feels gifted with the inspired vision of a prophet, as he looks up at it. The heavens open above, and a burst of dazzling light pours down on the clouds, the ascending form, and the hosts of rejoicing angels. The riches of the church do not seem out of place when one has gazed on it awhile. The high altar is all encrusted with gold, and the side chapels are filled with the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto, Perugino, and Ghiberti. Would that I could blow the whole fabric across the Atlantic, by some mental or magnetic power, and set it down in the middle of our quiet Philadelphia! I would give much to hear the exclamations of the multitude, who have never gone beyond their own quiet houses of worship.

Ives, the sculptor, has just finished a bust of the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, which the artists pronounce faultless. A better likeness or a more life-like countenance could not well be. It displays the highest talent in this branch of the art, and would of itself be sufficient to secure the sculptor's reputation. The public in general, and Dr. Bushnell's friends in particular, may prepare themselves for an especial gratification when it reaches America.

While I am writing about artists, I must not forget mentioning Brown's picture of the Roman Campagna. It is just finished, and excites the most unbounded admiration. He has, in this work, spent much labor and study in representing successfully the golden effect of an Italian sunset, and when seen on a bright day, the picture seems to glow with its own light. I have already given you my opinion of the genius of this artist, and will only add that this picture more than confirms it.

I have run this letter to a great length, but, being about to leave Florence, I found much to say, that I had before neglected. I am obliged to leave much more unsaid, rather than make too voluminous a correspondence.

J. B. T.

Original Song.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HOWARD STANLEY.

Oh, bid me sing no more to-night,
My thoughts are of the morrow morn,
The shock and fury of the fight,
The cry of hate, the glance of scorn.

To-morrow, and our eyes may be
Blood-red with weeping bitter tears,
For forms now full of life and glee,
May then be stiff as frozen meres.

The cry "to arms" may sound to some,
As gaily as a lover's call;
To me it brings the silent home,
Bereft of one, which one is all.

The shout of victory may swell
Each proud heart with a prouder throe;
I weep, for ah, I know too well
The hopes that triumph hour lays low.

Then bid me sing no more to-night,
My thoughts are of the morrow morn,
The din of arms, the wavering fight,
The bloody field in furrows torn.

A Tale for Coquets.

FROM PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE WIDOW SMITH.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Do you know who that beautiful woman is, that sat opposite to us at dinner?" said Henry Newton to his friend Charles Oxford, as they discussed their cigars at Saratoga.

"The one with the blue eyes and golden hair—who looked as sweet as Carlo Dolci's 'Poesy,' you mean, I suppose. That is Miss Devon."

"No—no—she is but a girl, her right hand neighbor is the one I allude to. The lady with the dark eyes and superb dimples."

"Oh! the widow Smith."

"You know her then."

"Not exactly; but I have heard of her, and was introduced, this morning."

"She is very beautiful. A perfect goddess."

"Yes!" drily remarked Mr. Oxford.

"And has such a high-bred air!"

"Yes!" still more dryly said his friend.

"And is surrounded by beaux!"

"Yes!" was again the equivocal reply.

"Her voice too! Did you ever hear such a voice?"

"Yes! No——"

"Why!—what's the matter with you, Oxford?" testily remarked his friend. "You assent, and yet don't assent to all I say. Your words express one thing, and your tones another. Has Mrs. Smith jilted you?"

A merry laugh was Oxford's only reply, as he glanced mischievously at his friend. Newton looked half indignant. At length his companion explained.

"Harry," he said, "I see you don't know the widow Smith: the reason is that you came from Boston, and her solar system hitherto has been New York. I might have been as ignorant of her as you, but I noticed her manners this morning, and having seen such characters before, I determined at once in my own mind what she was. To satisfy myself, however, I made inquiries, nay! even sought an introduction to her. The result is what I expected. As she seems to have made some impression on you, I will give you a little bit of her history—you can then continue to admire her or not, as you like.

"The widow Smith, as everybody in New York calls her, made a runaway match at seventeen with a dashing young fellow, who, after living for a couple of years on his wits, left her a widow without a farthing. Only nineteen, and really quite beautiful, the young widow determined to marry a fortune: she had seen enough of the privations of a small income, and was resolved not to sacrifice herself a second time on so foolish an altar as that of love. Since then four years have elapsed, yet the widow Smith is still unmarried. The fact is, I suppose, she looks too high. A small annuity enables her to dress handsomely, as you see. This is her first advent at Saratoga, where she is but little known; and depend upon it, she will make desperate efforts to secure a prize before the season is over.

"She is a thorough flirt. Not having a bit of heart, but a good deal of vanity, she gratifies herself by alluring around her a crowd of beaux, whom she keeps in play with the dexterity of a veteran angler. Did you mark her conduct in the drawing-room? She had a smile for one, an apology for another, she dropped her fan that a third might pick it up, a fourth she languidly asked to enquire if a letter had come for her. Yet not one of these beaux, half of whom are madly in love with her, would she marry: she has her eye on higher game; nothing short of a millionaire will suit her. In New York she spoilt her chance by letting her intentions be seen, but she is now older and more wary; besides here she is unknown. Ten to one she takes in some wealthy southerner!"

The conversation here closed. Harry Newton was younger than his friend, and had great confidence in Oxford's opinions: consequently when he next saw Mrs. Smith, his feelings approached disgust. He could now see the art which lay hidden under her smiles and gentle intonations; and he turned with loathing from one so selfish, cold-hearted and worldly. The day before, the beauty of that face had enchanted him; the music of that voice had thrilled on every fibre: now he almost shuddered at the sight of the one, and the sound of the other, for purity and simplicity in woman was almost worshipped by the warm and enthusiastic young collegian.

He was, however, considerably surprised to notice that Oxford spent much of his time in the society of the very female whom he had pronounced so designing. What astonished him the more was that his friend had expressed himself unusually delighted with the Miss Devon, whose blue eyes and golden hair he had praised so rapturously on the day of their arrival. Oxford, indeed, had been particularly attentive to her for several mornings; but gradually his devotion had slackened, and he now seemed to have transferred his gallantry to her older rival. Newton could not endure this treachery of his friend. Miss Devon was as artless as a child, with a warm and generous heart; in whose looks and actions every impulse of her gentle bosom was revealed to whom concealment or deception seemed impossible. Newton would probably have lost his heart to her, but that he found her indifferent to all his approaches: she was kind and friendly, but that was all: in her most animated conversation she would suddenly grow absent: and often, at such times, Newton saw her eyes wandering to where his friend was talking gaily with Mrs. Smith, and then she would sigh.

"Can it be that she loves Oxford?" he said. He watched her demeanor for some time, and became satisfied that this was the truth.

"Poor thing!" he said, "I pity her; for, once loving, she will love forever. Hers is not a heart easily to forget a first passion. Her rival would outlive a dozen disappointments: the first one will kill her. Yet the artful widow wins, and she, sweet girl, loses. I could curse Oxford for his folly: and he to warn me of this syren too!"

Harry could contain himself no longer, when, on the following day, he saw Oxford select the beautiful widow as his partner for a ride, and in such a marked manner that everybody noticed it. He was still more vexed when he heard that two of her admirers were about suddenly to leave Saratoga: jealousy of Oxford, it was said, was the cause, gossip even asserted, and for once gossip was true, that they had been offered and been refused. That evening the two friends happened to be alone together.

"You seem mightily pleased with this widow Smith," said Harry testily.

Oxford darted a searching look at his friend then smiling, as much as to say, "you wish to cross-question me, do you?" he knocked the ashes coolly from his cigar and replied.

"She *is*, certainly, one of the most conversible women I ever met with. Such a voice too! And then her smile—did you ever notice her smile, Harry, when she is addressing one she does not think a fool?—there is something positively enchanting about it."

Harry could scarcely conceal his indignation. Here was his friend madly in love with an artful woman, whom a week before he had ridiculed and professed to despise. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "there is no accounting for tastes. You thought very differently of this widow a week ago. To my notion now, Miss Devon, with her simple, but true hearted womanly character, so natural and artless, is worth a dozen such cold, heartless pieces of artificiality as this beautiful and designing widow."

"You don't know her, Harry," said Oxford, yawning, as if to hint good humoredly that he was tired of this lecturing. "I was in a bad humor, last week, and said some severe things, I am afraid." And he rose to depart.

"Take care," said Harry, vexed beyond all measure—"take care that your first impressions were not the best. You are wealthy, talented, and have a high position in society: I don't know, to use your own phrase, where she can find choicer game."

"We'll not quarrel, Harry," said his friend, with provoking coolness. "We are too old for that. But, trust me, you'll admire my bride as much as others when I am married." And with these words he sauntered from the room.

"Then he is going to marry her—the dupe!" said Harry, bitterly, locking himself up for the rest of the evening.

During the next week Harry saw abundant proof of the unaccountable folly of his friend. From morning until night Oxford scarcely left the reigning beauty's side, except when, to pique her, he went over and conversed with Miss Devon. At such times the changing color and embarrassed air of the latter too well revealed the situation of her heart: and the triumphant glance which Mrs. Smith cast on the poor girl, when Oxford returned to her side, showed that she saw and triumphed in Miss Devon's hopeless affection.

The season was now drawing to a close. Numbers were leaving every day, and among those went a large portion of the reigning beauty's admirers. Rumor said that most of them tried their fortune before their departure; and that they were severally refused. The Widow Smith expressed her concern and regret at the state of their affections: such a thing as love, she declared, had never entered her thoughts; she had innocently yielded to the pleasure of their society and the charm of a harmless friendship; and with this prettily turned speech, she dismissed each and all of her lovers, they to curse their folly, and she to laugh at them for dupes.

Only one of her lovers now remained. He was a millionaire, but ill-bred, and without a spark of intellect. A lucky speculation had made him rich, and he adored his gold. But he was also madly in love with the reigning beauty, and desired, moreover, to disgrace Oxford, whom he hated for his refinement, by supplanting him with his mistress. The strife, between the two rivals, grew quite animated as the season approached a close. For richer than Oxford, the millionaire strove to outshine him by the splendor of equipage and servants. The fair cause of this contest held the scales evenly; and managed with consummate skill to give each suitor equal encouragement. To-day the millionaire's star was in the ascendant, for the beautiful widow had ridden out with him, leaving Oxford to Miss Devon; to-morrow, the latter was the victor, for he kept Mrs. Smith engaged all the evening by his brilliant conversation. The whole company became, finally, engaged as spectators in the contest. The fair beauty seemed seriously to hesitate between the great wealth and personal demerits of the one, and the high breeding and ample fortune of the other. At length, in a contest for the honor of a partner at the last public ball, Oxford carried off the palm, and became victor, for that very night, without even the formality of a leave taking, the indignant millionaire departed, vowing that women were all jilts, and that his late mistress was the greatest jilt of all.

The next morning Mrs. Smith appeared at the breakfast-table arrayed in her most bewitching morning dress, and wearing her most seductive smiles. A slight frown indeed gathered on her brow when she saw that Oxford, instead of having taken his usual seat by her chair, had chosen one next to Miss Devon, who was all blushes and confusion. The haughty widow looked down the table: the places so lately filled by her admirers were empty; for a moment she was neglected; and she determined that Oxford should pay dearly for this momentary desertion.

The breakfast was over, and the carriages were at the door, when she saw Oxford approaching her. Her moment of triumph had come, and as all had seen the slight, she resolved all should witness his rebuff.

"Oh! you need not think of asking me to ride with you to-day, Mr. Oxford," she said, holding up her hands as he approached, "for I cannot think of such a thing. Positively, I feel quite too indolent for so much exertion. So you may put up your horses."

"I am very sorry," said Oxford, bowing low, "that you do not ride to-day, still more sorry that I could not have the pleasure of asking your company; but I am already *engaged* to Miss Devon." And he passed on.

There was an emphasis on the word "engaged" which made the widow start: and her anxiety was not lessened when she saw the conscious air with which Miss Devon suffered herself to be handed into Oxford's carriage. But she dismissed the momentary fear with an ironical smile: such a thing as Miss Devon supplanting her could not be possible.

Yet, as the morning advanced, and she heard around her many a whispered announcement that Oxford was betrothed to Miss Devon, she began to feel alarmed again.

"Have you heard the news?" said Miss Grawley, one of those gossips with whom all public places abound, the first to hear news, and the foremost to retail it where they know it will be unpalatable. "Mr. Oxford is going to be married to Miss Devon. I heard it from the best authority, his friend, Mr. Newton. I once thought he had some fancy for you, but——"

The widow arose and gave such a withering look at the old maid that she stopped abashed.

"If you please Miss Grawley, you will not use my name in any way. Good morning!" And with a stiff bow she swept from the room.

Once in her chamber she gave way to her rage. She saw now into what a net she had fallen. It was evident that Oxford, determining to foil her at her own weapons, had trifled with her all along; and that he had seized the very moment of his triumph over her lost suitor, to signalize his engagement to Miss Devon.

"The artful creature," said the beautiful widow in her rage. "She played her part well. And he!—ah, I would give ten years of my life to be revenged."

But as the widow Smith saw no possibility of obtaining this revenge, and as she knew she must become the laughing stock of the company if she remained, she concluded to depart: but she appeared at dinner, where she carried herself with her accustomed urbanity and sweetness, determined to keep up a consistent front to the last.

"I hear the widow Smith," said Oxford, laughingly addressing his friend Newton, "charges my lady-love with artfulness as a rival. Think of coupling deception with sweet Amy Devon! No, she never knew I loved her till last night, though I had won her heart long before! I can hardly forgive myself so far as Amy is concerned, for the part I have acted. But I wanted to bring down this widow Smith. I saw she had marked me for her prey, and I heard she had boasted I would be at her feet before the season was over. I determined if possible to avenge myself, and the host of poorer suitors she trifled so heartlessly with. It did not do to tell even you of my secret; and I saw you blamed me for preferring her to Amy. But you now know my motives; and faith! I am glad I succeeded, for the sake of her poor victim. I think she will never come to Saratoga again."

What Oxford said of his sweet mistress was true. Her guileless heart could scarcely forgive him for his conduct to her rival, even after learning all his motives.

"If coquetry is ever defensible," she said, one day after they were married, "it was so in this instance, perhaps. But still I pity her."

"For not succeeding in making some man her dupe. Well, my dear, I will never sin in that way again; and the widow Smith may yet get a husband, for she goes to Washington every winter now. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

☞ The white of an egg is said to be a specific for fish bones sticking in the throat. It is to be swallowed raw, and will carry down a bone easily and certainly. There is another fact touching eggs, which it will be well to remember. When, as sometimes by accident, corrosive sublimate is swallowed, the white of one or two eggs, taken immediately, will neutralize the poison, and change the effect to that of a dose of calomel.—*Exchange Paper.*

We can bear testimony to its surprising efficacy in the latter case. One of our little boys, about six years old, swallowed from a pitcher (supposing it to be water) some of that poison. More than a quarter of an hour had elapsed before it was discovered, and his limbs began to swell, and his head to swim and ache, and his countenance to change, when the white of eggs were administered by his grand-father with complete success. It operated as a violent purgative, and providentially saved his life.—*Whig.*

☞ Wash your teeth at night, of course. Why sleep with minute decomposing particles in your mouth, affecting your teeth, your breath, and your health? Wash also after every meal, when convenient.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many poems that are inadmissible on account of their length. Three or four good verses are better than twenty bad ones—and a short tolerable piece will find acceptance, where a long poem of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

OVERTON'S LEMON is received, but with every disposition to oblige our friend, we are afraid we shall be compelled to decline it. The moral of the piece we do not like. We think that our friend was deceived in the character of "Overton," and that instead of a good and pure hearted old man, he was a selfish old hypocrite. The justification that it was necessary to break his wife's heart by cold neglect, in order to insure their mutual happiness in the next world, is rather too shallow. We don't believe a word of it—he had some more earthly motive than all that, depend upon it.

MESMERISM.

We often see singular statements in the papers, purporting to be accounts of wonderful cures effected by means of the Mesmeric influence; but such is the difficulty of determining the truth or deception of such statements, that they exercise but little influence over our mind in relation to that most doubtful of sciences, Mesmerism. And yet there are instances occasionally within the circle of our own knowledge, that seem to confirm much that has been said in relation to this singular subject, and almost force us to believe that there is really some truth, where we have been often tempted to think there was nothing but imposture and credulity.

A case occurred recently in the neighborhood of this city, the actors in which are all, we believe, members of the sober society of Friends, that cannot but surprise, even if it does not confound the incredulous. The facts, for the main features of which we can vouch, are these. A young lady was taken ill some eighteen months ago, of a fever, resembling, in some degree, the Black Tongue, which our readers will remember was so prevalent in certain sections of the country a year or two ago. Owing to the effects of the fever, together with the sorrow occasioned by the death of a sister, she entirely lost the use of her limbs, and lay for twelve months helpless in her bed. During this time, she was, we think, constantly attended by a regular Physician. At the end of this period, as the course of treatment that had been pursued seemed to produce no effect, a Thompsonian practitioner was called in, the result of whose labors was such that she was enabled to sit up, though she still remained unable to walk the shortest distance. We should have mentioned, however, that coupled with this bodily paralysis, was an inertness of mind, so that she would remain for days and weeks without taking the least notice of any one, or in fact doing anything, save eating her usual meal once a day.

A short time ago it was suggested to her father, to try the effects of Mesmerism. He had very little faith in it; or, in fact, by this time, in any thing; but still wished to leave nothing undone, that might possibly restore a beloved child to health. Accordingly a physician from this city, who is acquainted with the Mesmeric operations, was solicited to ascertain what could in this manner be done. He waited on the young lady, who had been seated upon a chair near the window, and, after comparatively few *passes*, she looked out into the garden and said how pleasant it would be if she only was able to walk there. "Well, thee can do it," replied the physician—and, rising and offering his arm, she actually arose and walked with him into the garden. Since that time she has been growing gradually better and better, and now joins in the labors of the day with the rest of the household.

The feelings of her family upon seeing this wonderful change in her condition, may be better imagined than described. They laughed and they wept, with amazement and with joy—it was as if a miracle had been performed in their midst. They could scarcely credit the evidence of their senses; but there was the joyful fact, constantly before their eyes—she that was to all appearance hopelessly bed-ridden had been restored in a moment, as it were, to bodily and mental vigor. It was a glad, a blessed day to all her father's house.

We do not undertake to explain this singular circumstance—we do not even say that it was the Mesmeric influence that worked the happy change—we give the facts, and leave our readers to form their own opinions. We understand that the father of the girl, himself, when questioned upon the subject, smiles and tells the story—"You now know all that I know, judge ye each one for himself."

For ourselves, we have no hesitation in avowing our belief, that Mesmerism is not *all* a deception; for though we were never put into the Mesmeric sleep, we have felt a seething in our veins under the influence of the Mesmerizer, that was entirely beyond our own control, and which affected us unpleasantly for many hours afterwards. That the spirits of men are much nearer together, and more intimately connected, than is the common belief, we are certain. There are facts enough in the experience of every man, to prove that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made" in this respect. And we have sometimes thought, that this new awakening of the attention of men to Mesmerism, and to other questions that involve the superiority of the spirit over matter, might be mercifully intended in the providence of God, to counteract the material tendencies of an age that glories in the almost miracles of its own weak hands, the Steam Engine and the Telegraph, and yet doubts to an alarming extent those miracles wrought by the power of Divinity itself, and recorded in the inspired volume of its professed faith.

PERCY BYSCHE SHELLEY.

"It is said that when the body of the Poet Shelley was burnt, after his unfortunate death in the Gulf of Spezia, the *heart* was the only portion that the fire did not consume."

It would be easy to deduce a moral from the above, that we glean from a Boston paper, for Shelley was one of the noblest and purest hearted of men. He held singular opinions upon many things, and rather inclined, so far as his *head* was concerned, to infidelity; but he would have carefully removed from his path even a worm, that his further progress might have endangered. A bosom so alive with gentleness, and so open to all kindly and heavenly influences, kept him right often in his actions, when his theory of life was false and wrong. Only over one lamentable circumstance in his life would the hand of friendship sadly let fall the veil; and even in that, his desertion of his wife, it was not that he acted selfishly or unjustly in his own view, but that selfishness and injustice arrayed themselves as angels of light, and beguiled the heart that would have loathed them in their own proper image. Peace to his spirit! Reviled by the generation among whom he lived, a succeeding generation have looked upon his life with calm, impartial and loving eyes—and the mild fire of their investigation, while it has given much else to the vapors and to the winds, has spared the true heart of Percy Shelley.

GENERAL HOUSTON.

This distinguished gentleman delivered an address before the Hall of Industry Association of this city last Saturday evening. We were unable to be present, but are told that his remarks did him credit. The object of the Association is certainly a very commendable one, for there is no part of our city that requires, in a greater degree, the attention of the benevolent, and perhaps none that has received it less, than the southern district.

THE LYNN BARD.

We are great admirers of good poetry, and therefore feel an especial friendship for all poets; and when we can do it without too much inconvenience like to give any one whom we may chance to come across, a shove towards immortality. Actuated by this laudable motive, we would beg our readers to close their eyes, and hold their breath, while we favor them with an *effusion* which we find in the Lynn, (Mass.) News. Surely the "Lynn Bard," as he so modestly terms himself, gives sufficient proof in this short extract of his being gifted with "the vision and the faculty divine." There are no useless epithets, but he comes right to the point in a manner that must doubtless prove very acceptable to the lady, and with a brevity that is one of the highest proofs of genius.

TO THE FAIR INCOGNITA, WHO LEFT A SUPERB WREATH OF FLOWERS AT THE LYNN BARD'S COTTAGE, ON TUESDAY EVE.

> The gentle hands which wrought the wreath
> "To cheer the Bard's lone hours,"
> *Would give more joy his head beneath,*
> *When pain exerts its powers.*
>
> LYNN BARD.

Such a verse as the above, could not fail to produce an effect, and accordingly we find that another wreath was sent to the Bard, probably by the same lady, on the next evening, to which, also, he responded, in a rather longer strain, as he was by this time fairly waked up. We cannot deny ourselves the gratification of laying these verses, also, before our readers—and would remark in conclusion, that we shall keep an attentive eye to the matrimonial column of the Lynn News, for we feel confident that such a display of flowers and poetry, is not going to end in nothing.

TO HER WHO SENT ME A MAGNIFICENT WREATH, ON WEDNESDAY EVENING.

> Lady! the breezes of morning fan thee!
> Lady, the zephyrs of evening woo thee!
> Angels and *ministers of glory* stem thee,
> And bring sweet peace and happiness unto thee!
>
> The holy stars shine sweetly on thy slumber!
> The dews of Heaven *waft* rich blessings o'er thee!
> Joys multiply around thee without number,
> And purest friendship strew the path before thee!
>
> The guardian angel of the good attend thee,
> And fill thy heart with virtues fair as flowers!
> All who have hearts of gentleness befriend thee,
> And love lend sweetness to life's sunny hours!
>
> The freshness of thy heart be kept in bloom,
> *Bright* as sweet flowrets dipt in *golden* fountains!
> And memory twine a chaplet o'er thy tomb,
> *Rich* as the rays of morning on the mountains!
>
> LYNN BARD.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

We have received the Address of the Committee of Seven, appointed at a late town meeting in favor of the Central Railroad between Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

We have not had time to give this subject the attentive examination we could have wished, but from the little investigation we have been able to make into it, we are compelled to unite with the great majority of our citizens, in the belief that the success or failure of the proposed railroad, is now to demonstrate whether Philadelphia is determined to make a bold push for the first rank of American cities, or whether she is contented to sit down idly, while New York, Boston, and even Baltimore, shall take everlasting precedence of her. The strongest argument, in fact, that we have heard on the other side of the question, was based upon the disbelief in those that urged it, that there was sufficient energy and public spirit in Philadelphia to complete, even if she should begin, the Central Railroad. For it is very evident, if a railroad through this State cannot be built, that it is much more for our interests that the merchants and produce of the West should go to Baltimore than to New York.

We do not know what the feeling is among our capitalists, but all we have to say is simply this: that if, after using such strenuous exertions to defeat the Right of Way, engendering, as the consequence, a bad state of feeling between the two great cities of our Commonwealth, our merchants and other monied men do not come forward and take hold of this great work with a *will*, we shall be ashamed that our lot was ever cast among such slender streaks of moonshine as the capitalists of Philadelphia.

Since writing the above the subscription books of the Railroad have been opened, and there is now every prospect that this city will do her share of the work, with a spirit that she has not evinced for many years. Several of our merchants, among whom was the eminent Quaker, Thomas P. Cope, led the list with subscriptions of $20,000 each; and all classes seem penetrated with a conviction of the absolute necessity of this railroad's *going ahead*.

CASSIUS M CLAY.

The following from the Louisville Democrat of the 13th, settles the question whether or not this gentleman has volunteered for the war.

"Captain Cassius M. Clay passed up and down Main street, yesterday morning, with his splendid Cavalry company. Their different movements were performed with skill, ease and celerity. This is the oldest Company in Kentucky, and one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in the Union. It has been in a constant state of organization ever since the last war. It is now composed of a fine, noble body of men, and is decidedly one of the best looking companies we have ever seen. It may be equalled, but we will lay a small wager that for bravery, efficiency, courage and daring, it will have no superior at the seat of war. If there is work for them, and they do not win their full share of glory and renown, we have much mistaken their leader, Capt. Clay."

By the way, one of our brethren of the press, in an article highly *eulogistic* of Mr. Clay, calls him a "*notorious* philanthropist." Save us from our friends, if they are going to use words in this fashion.

Since the above was written we have seen a late number of Mr. Clay's paper that puts past all doubt the fact that he has volunteered. His views may be briefly summed up in the following extract:

"*War exists.* It has been declared by a Government chosen by the people themselves. We submit, therefore, as good citizens, to the law of the land, and give that Government our support. *Resistance to it now would be rebellion; if general, anarchy, in its worst form, would be the result.*"

FEMALE TREASON.

The Dayton Transcript relates the following account of a daring attempt on the part of a lady in that neighborhood, to deprive her country of the services of one of its gallant volunteers. We would respectfully call the attention of the two Houses of Congress to this subject, for if they should adjourn without doing something, the consequences might be truly awful, and our brave soldiers be seen limping about the country in every direction. We need say but little, however, for this is a mattter that commends itself to the *understanding* of every man in the country. It is evident that we could not maintain our *footing* among the nations, if such practices were allowed to spread among our wives and daughters.

"A gentleman from Piqua informed us that when the volunteers were about starting from that place, a lady who wished to prevent one of them from going, took and poured a basin full of boiling water on his foot, in order to prohibit his march to the Rio Grande. It is said he bound up his foot and limped off notwithstanding."

WHO IS HE?

"A dashing female was arrested in Philadelphia a few days since, having in her hand two pistols with which she threatened to shoot a certain well known opera singer. When the officer attempted to arrest her she fired at him, without injury. She was sent to the Magdalen Asylum. While in the lockup, she appeared to be partially deranged, and wept and laughed hysterically, with passionate grief. The story concerning the matter is as follows: She is an English girl of considerable beauty, and it is said, was carried away from her native land by the opera singer, two years ago, when he first came to this country. Of late, feeling herself neglected and forsaken, she took the desperate resolution of being avenged by shooting him. She once made the attempt in the Theatre, but was caught in the act, and her intention thwarted."

The above is from a Louisville paper. We remember reading a slight notice of such an arrest a short time since in one of our daily papers, but the whole matter seemed suddenly hushed up. *Who is the opera singer?*

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

One of our exchanges says that a little colored girl, about 10 or 11 years of age, belonging to Miss Ann Kelly, of Columbia, S. C., has been convicted of setting fire to a room in the house of Mr. F. Ogler, of that town, and *sentenced to be hung* on the first Friday of August.

Certainly such a sentence would not be carried into execution upon a mere child. It would be an eternal disgrace to South Carolina if she should allow it—but it *cannot be true*—it must be a *hoax*, and a very pitiful one too.

THE ROCKING CHAIR.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes as follows of this luxurious chair; and we are half inclined to think that the young physician whose opinion he quotes, knows what he is talking about.

"It is violating no confidence to say that the Boston ladies were lately the subject of conversation in a Baltimore saloon. To say that the conversation was in a high style of eulogy, would be superfluous. To them was conceded the rarest charm in beauty's zone—the power of making intelligent men happy husbands. But the attribute which should ever accompany beauty as her handmaid—graceful motion, and particularly a graceful walk, were thought to be jewels generally wanting in the magic cincture. After hearing it imputed to a neglect of dancing, which our serious manners seemed likely to discountenance, a young physician, lately educated here, denied this to be the cause, for he knew that polite and graceful accomplishment to be generally cultivated in the intelligent class, and after paying a high compliment to some of his lady acquaintance, he assigned as the cause, the *Boston Rocking Chair!* Nearly half a young lady's indoor life, he said, was spent, the body half suspended by the elbows, and the muscles of the back entirely relaxed, in the rocking-chair. The necessary consequence was, a crooked spine, a weak back, a high pair of shoulders, and an awkward manner of carrying the head—effects perfectly incompatible with graceful movements of any kind. He even asserted that the majority of laboring men carried the head and shoulders less ungracefully than the majority of ladies, merely because exercise with them had strengthened the back, and the deforming rocking-chair had never humped their shoulders, and pitched forward their heads. This, however, I stoutly denied. But I confess I have thought the theory a little more plausible, since I have returned home."

THE OLD HAT.

A FLIMSY FAREWELL TO AN OLD FRIEND.

> Old hat!—good friend, they say thou'rt growing shabby—
> That people mock at thee, along the street;
> And 'twas but yesterday, my old aunt Nabby,
> That pink of ninety, refused to greet
> Me, my old Hat!
>
> Thou hast defended me in stormy weather
> From pelting rain or driving snow—and, now,
> To part old friends who've dwelt so long together—
> Why, truth to tell, I scarcely can tell how
> To do so, Hat!
>
> Vagaries strange thou'st acted—dost remember
> How oft thou'st made me feel a foolish man?
> Canst call to mind one day in bleak December,
> How, after thee, down Chesnut street I ran,
> To catch thee, Hat?
>
> And when, thy rim revolving in the gutter,
> I caught thee up bespattered o'er with mud,
> Dost recollect, thou scamp, in what a splutter
> I clap'd thee on amidst a laughing crowd?
> Say, shameless Hat?
>
> No doubt, some think thee a poor *senseless* notion,
> Worn out and shocking, fit for boys to pelt;
> But though thou'rt old, and may be past emotion,
> Yet I can testify that thou *hast*, FELT.
> I can, old Hat.
>
> I've thought thou wert like Christ Church with its steeple,
> And though thou ne'er has giv'n out any sound
> Like that which calls, on Sabbath morn, the people;
> Thou art, as that old Church is now, *bell crowned!*
> My queer old Hat!
>
> It once occurred to me in night watch weary
> O'er some dear friend, who'd met with sad mishap,
> That thou and I, would at that time look very
> Much better, if we both could get a *nap!*
> Shabby old Hat.
>
> And yet I've had t' acknowledge the old adage,
> When, pressed with cares, to *nap* I've laid me down,
> That, troubled as are many in this mad age,
> "Uneasy rests the head that wears" *the* "crown"
> *Out of his Hat.*
>
> Much is there, Hat, in this most strange creation,
> I have no wish to liken thee unto;
> Things far above, and things below thy station—
> But certain 'tis I'd *like* that thou wert *new*—
> Worn out old Hat.
>
> Thou'lt say, 'tis in an ingrate world we're dwelling,
> Where old and time worn friends are pushed from view,
> By upstart boobys, through their actions telling
> That truth and beauty dwell but with the new.
> A bad world, Hat!
>
> Wilt pardon me, old fellow? for our natures
> *Will* love the bright, the beautiful, the fair;
> Thou must confess, thou'st lost thy handsome features,
> And art not, as the world says, fit to wear.
> Thou'rt no *new* Hat.
>
> Adieu, old beaver, then—may thy next owner
> Ne'er know thy vices, all thy virtues prize,
> And when a useless *hat*, thou art—(not sooner)
> In *gun wads*—may'st thou "mount into the skies."
> No more a Hat.
>
> QUIP.

WHAT TONEY SAYS.

Toney says that those who are *tilting*, all over the country, at General Scott's *plate of soup*, must look out, or they will spill some of the hot broth upon themselves. He thinks there is a possibility of carrying even a good joke a little too far, against one who, whatever may be his faults, "*has* done the State some service."

Toney says that the great German professor *Liebig* may be a very worthy and estimable individual, but he certainly has a rather suspicious name.

Toney says the *nicest* man he knows is a friend of ours, who always picks his teeth after eating Ice Cream; and that the most short sighted one, is a gentleman who cannot see to go to sleep without putting on his spectacles.

Toney says that the surest sign he knows of its being a warm day, is when the flies stick to you as they do to a lump of soft butter.

Toney also says that he knows some rich men that are not really men, but only the shadows of their money.

UNANIMOUS VERDICTS.

Our attention has been recently called to this subject, by the result of a trial in this city, where the jury, after having been out about a week, and reduced to a state of mental and physical exhaustion, being still unable to agree, had at last to be discharged. It does seem to us, that the present plan of forcing a verdict out of twelve men by confinement and suffering, is one only worthy of the dark ages. Do our legislators have the folly to suppose that in this way a true and just decision, one really approved by *all* of the jurors, is arrived at? If they do, they are exceedingly weak in the upper story. Why not, instead of the present barbarous system, alter the law so that after the expiration of a certain time, in order that a sufficient period may elapse to allow any doubtful case to be thoroughly discussed, a majority of three-fourths, and, after a still longer period, a bare majority, may agree upon a verdict. We have no doubt, if such were the practice, that verdicts would be more in accordance with law and equity than they are at present.

DISTURBANCES AT NAUVOO.

We are pained to announce that serious difficulties are now apprehended at Nauvoo, between the Regulars, as they term themselves, (though we think their conduct is decidedly *irregular*,) and the Mormons. It appears that the Regulars have determined that every Mormon shall leave that place, and measures have been adopted to drive off such as are not disposed to go. The editor of the Hancock Eagle has suspended his paper. It is said to be the intention of the assailants to destroy the Temple.

The St. Louis papers of the 15th inst., state that there had been no outbreak on the 13th. The alarm, however, continued, and the captain of a steamboat which left on the 13th, heard the report of five or six cannons in the direction of the city, shortly after her departure.

DROLL ERROR.

Typographical errors will occur, and we generally let them pass without comment; but the following from a Boston paper looks so *queer*, that we can not avoid copying it. It occurs at the close of a long piece of Elegiac poetry, upon a gentleman who died in Cuba—we give the last verse.

> "For parents none, nor dear,
> Were there to shed a tear,
> When strangers round his bier,
> Gather'd—a solemn band;
> He passed like early flower,
> Blooming for one bright hour,
> Cut in its pride and power,
> Strown in a foreign land,
> THE ARABIAN HORSE."

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

We see by the papers that there is an association called THE PHRENAKOSMIAN SOCIETY, somewhere in Pennsylvania. We wonder if it is any relation to THE SKRGISTHAUGIC SOCIETY? We hope such societies will not multiply very fast, or there will soon be no room for anything else in poor old Pennsylvania. The papers say the former is "going ahead" very fast. We do not wonder at it, for it puts us in mind, for all the world, of a locomotive with a long train of cars.

NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The following is from the N. O. Picayune of the 10th inst.

We have been gratified with an interview with Mr. Diamond, our former Consul at Vera Cruz, who sailed from that city in the United States steam ship Mississippi, on the 30th ult. Mr. Diamond informs us that Santa Anna's arrival was daily expected by many persons in Vera Cruz, and that the country was ripe for his reception. A plan of a new revolution had been published, based upon the Constitution of 1827, upon which it was supposed the Federal and the Santa Anna parties would unite. The Federalists were unable to make head against the Government by themselves, but when joined by Santa Anna's adherents, the success of the two combined could scarcely be doubted. In this plan the Texas question was slurred over, nothing being said about it. Mr. Diamond thought it quite probable that Santa Anna and Almonte would arrive at Vera Cruz by the next steamship from Havana; this, however, was doubted by some well informed parties.

The period for the general elections had passed, and it was not thought that a sufficient number of Congressmen were elected to form a quorum. Paredes is waiting for the meeting of Congress, to get permission to leave the seat of Government at the head of ten thousand men—avowedly for the Rio Grande—but the better opinion seemed to be that this force was designed for his own protection.

The death of the Archbishop was a heavy blow to the monarchical party. Upon his death-bed the ambitious prelate regretted that his life could not be spared to assist in consummating the schemes of that faction. With him the hopes of the monarchists have died.

The Departments are pronouncing against Paredes in every direction. His heavy demands upon the Churches and the States have rendered him more unpopular than before. It is not thought he can maintain his power for any considerable length of time.

Recruiting for the army was going on at Vera Cruz; but only a few men, and those of the lowest sort, were found willing to enlist. In the city of Mexico, Government expresses arrived frequently from the army; but as nothing of their contents were allowed to transpire of late, the impression was that the Mexicans had met with disaster.

In regard to the large English squadron upon the Pacific, Mr. Diamond is of opinion that these vessels had been sent out with reference to the Oregon question. He does not think it probable that they have any instructions respecting the war with Mexico, or the seizure of California in consequence of the war. Touching this matter, however, there is room for doubt. The British fleet off Western Mexico was quite large, and if the other fleet in the Pacific join it, as was expected by some, it would be a very formidable force.

Mr. Diamond, previous to leaving, drew up and forwarded to the Mexican Government a remonstrance against the order requiring our citizens to leave within eight days or withdraw into the interior. The sixteenth article of the treaty between the United States and Mexico provides that, in case of war, the citizens of each country living on the seaboard shall be entitled to six months, and those residing in the interior to twelve months' notice to leave the country.

AMUSING SCENE IN MATAMORAS.

The high price of cotton goods in Matamoras, owing to the Mexican Tariff, is well known. Several enterprising "Yankees," since Gen. Taylor has taken possession of the city, have "moved in," opened stores, and are selling goods on "cheap principles," about one-third of the usual Mexican prices, but double the usual American ones. It is an amusing scene to witness the crowd around these stores, composed of the mixed people of the city. Finely dressed women, rancheros, naked Indians and negroes all eager to purchase goods, and jabbering good, bad and indifferent Spanish, with a rapidity truly appalling to a phlegmatic Anglo-American.

In the mean time, the "old established merchants" are looking upon their neglected stocks with sorrow and astonishment although they have got the greater part of them by defrauding the revenue, they have cost more in bribes to the Custom House officers and other Mexican functionaries than the Yankee's charging prices—This species of warfare is rapidly converting *the people* over to American notions and they have only to fully learn that they can have cheap goods, and the enjoyment of life and liberty, to abandon their Government as rapidly as they have their high-priced stores.—*N. O. Paper.*

INFORMATION WANTED!

Of a lady, who, on the 15th of April, 1845, married a gentleman in Detroit, Michigan, by the name of Ezra Gregory, and with him left that city on the same day for a residence in or near Philadelphia, Pa. Since their departure, nothing has been heard of them, nor their particular place of residence made known to their friends, and as it has become important to have correspondence with them, by reason of the decease of Mr. ALEXANDER GRANT, in Inverness, Scotland, who has left a large estate to be divided between his heirs in this country, (a handsome portion of which is going to Mrs. Gregory,) any information concerning them, or that shall apprise Mr. Gregory and wife of the necessity of their appearing at Mrs. Hayse's, Washington st., Geneva, Ontario county, N. Y., on or before the first day of September next, to attend to the business, will be gratefully received by a fond mother and endeared friends, who have entertained many fears as to their safety.—June 15, 1846.—*Dundee Record.*

A QUESTION.

Can any one tell us why direct taxation is so repulsive to people in general? It is, we acknowledge, so to us. We would rather pay five dollars away any time, in the increased price of a suit of clothes, than to pay it direct to an ugly and disagreeable tax collector. Is it because in one case it *seems*, at least, as if we were getting something for our money? It must be this. No, it cannot be, either—for it is *impossible* that we and some millions of others should be so silly. There must be a *good* reason for it; it must be a good deal easier to pay taxes indirectly—but we do not see exactly why.

While our readers are pondering this question, they may also ruminate over another. Why are all tax collectors ugly and disagreeable? That they are so, is known to every good, tax-paying citizen.

THE WHOLE OR NONE.

The Washington correspondent of the North American, relates the following:

"A good thing was said a day or two ago by one of the Senators, relative to Mr. McDuffie's election as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. He was chosen without preconcert and by a union of the Whigs and Fifty-four Forties—most of Mr. Sevier's friends scattering their votes. It is well known to the country, that no public man opposed the Oregon movement of the Administration with more force and zeal than Mr. McDuffie; hence, it became a matter of remark, how the Fifty-four Forties could unite upon him. Upon such an inquiry as this, the Senator in question replied, "it was only preserving their consistency—they went for the whole or *none*, and losing the first, Mr. McDuffie was taken as the alternative."

GREAT LIBEL CASE.

Col. Webb, of the New York Courier and Enquirer, has been awarded sixpence damages in a libel suit recently instituted by him against Dr. Bacon. We would suggest to the gallant Colonel, that he have a hole neatly drilled through the edge of the sixpence, and a blue, or perhaps, *red* ribbon (as the Colonel is a rather sanguinary gentleman) passed through it, said ribbon to be either tied to his button hole, or passed loosely around his neck, as a silver medal is usually worn. This would not only make the Colonel a conspicuous object as he passed through the streets, but would be a warning to all others to take care of their *bacon* in future. It has been suggested to Dr. Bacon to raise the fine by contributions of one cent each—it is supposed the amount could be easily procured in New York city alone.

POOR PUNNING.

We give the annexed as an instance of the poorest punning we have seen this year. The authors should be blackballed with blackberries for it.

A NOVELTY.—At Grahamsville there is a garden novelty in the shape of *white blackberries!*—*Exchange Paper.*

No novelty at all! Blackberries are always white when they are *green*.—*New York Globe.*

Not so. When green they are *red*.—*Public Ledger.*

WHICH IS IT?

The Dayton, Ohio, Transcript speaks in high praise of General Speice, who, it says, "has manifested great zeal and activity in raising volunteers for the war." We wonder if the editor of the Transcript hasn't got the name wrong? From the way he talks, he must mean General *Specie*.

IMPORTANT STATEMENT.

During the negotiations on the North Eastern Boundary Question, Mr. Webster (as I am credibly informed,) reflecting upon the immense importance that a safe and well located harbor, like that of San Francisco upon the Pacific, would be to the future commerce of the country, when our trade with the East Indies and China became more extended, and seeing the advantage of a naval station on that coast, submitted to Lord Ashburton that the Government of the United States would probably enter upon a negotiation with Mexico, for the purchase of a portion of California, and England should not interpose any obstacles. Lord Ashburton answered he had no instructions as to this point, not anticipating it to be raised, and at the suggestion of Mr. Webster, he wrote to the Earl of Aberdeen for advice. The reply was esteemed satisfactory, Lord Aberdeen admitting the United States, in regard to its commerce, should have a port on the Pacific, and conferences were then held with Mr. Almonte, the Mexican minister. At first he declined to receive the suggestion, but gradually gave way to the weight of argument and inducement which was presented. Finally Mr. Webster succeeded so far in these informal negotiations as to lay the subject before the Committees on Foreign Relations of the two Houses, at the head of which then were Mr. Archer and Mr. Adams. He asked an appropriation to enable the administration to acquire the most important portion of California, contemplating an arrangement by which the claims of our citizens would be reserved in the bargain.

This important object was defeated by the opposition of Mr. Adams, who regarded it as calculated to strengthen the institution of slavery, and the great project fell through. Had it been carried out at that time, we should this day have been in the peaceable and permanent possession of California—this war would have been avoided, the boundary of the Rio Grande secured without the firing of a gun, and all at the cost of less than the expense of a single month of the war which is now going on. I cite these facts to show, that whatever may be the surprise or bitterness of the press of Great Britain in regard to the contemplated acquisition of California, it is a matter fully understood by the Ministry in power, and which they have been led to expect in one form or another. Hence, I do not join in the fears and anxieties of the country in regard to any new embarrassments with England.—*Washington Correspondent of the North American.*

AN IRISH INTERPRETER.

A Mexican passes through the camp with a large jug curiously laced with straps or raw hide, suspended on his back by a belt running over his forehead, he is crying in his own language, *milk, milk.* A group of soldiers stop him, and commence buying his grateful food. Everything goes on well as long as every cup-full of milk delivered, is promptly responded to by a picayune. A soldier that wants milk and has no picayune, holds out his cup and says in good round English, "Mr. Mexican, let me have some milk, and I will pay you in the morning." Mongrel stares eloquently, "I don't understand you." The soldier repeats his wish to purchase presently, and to pay prospectively. The Mexican is still staring about for information. A good natured looking Irishman, who distinguished himself by his bravery in the battle of the 9th, comes to the relief of the embarrassed parties. Turning to the milkman, he says in round Hibernian, "Ye mixed divil, don't ye undershtand that Jim Fry their, wishes to ghet some milk on a credit ye blackguard," and paddy then turns on his heel and marches away perfectly satisfied that he has dissipated the matter of difficulty under consideration. *N. O. paper.*

Notices of New Works.

THE LADY'S BOOK. The July number of this popular magazine is embellished with two engravings and a fashion plate. The literary matter appears to be very fair. Mr. Poe has another number of his puffs of the N. York Literati, including notices of Fitz Greene Halleck, Mrs. Stephens, E. A. Duyckinck, Mary Gore, James Aldrich, Thomas Dunn English, Henry Cary, and C. Pease Cranch. In his criticism upon Halleck, Mr. Poe quotes the following stanza:

> "Wild roses by the Abbey towers
> Are gay in their young bud and bloom—
> *They were born of a race of funeral flowers*
> That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
> A Templar's knightly tomb."

"This," he says, "is gloriously imaginative, and the effect is singularly increased by the sodden transition from iambuses to anapests. The passage is, I think, the noblest to be found in Halleck, *and I would be at a loss to discover its parallel in all American poetry.*"

The absurd exaggeration of this praise is only equalled in its folly, by the judgment this literary *Poepe* passes upon the poetry of Burns:

"Burns, indeed, was the puppet of circumstance. *As a poet, no person on the face of the earth has been more extravagantly, more absurdly overrated.*"

Well, we don't blame Poe for saying such ridiculous things. It's his nature—he can't help it.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The number for July, now before us, is even superior to the average quality of this excellent periodical. Among the improvements we notice a new cover, in much better taste than the one it displaces. There are two engravings, one of them said to be an excellent likeness of the great painter, Benjamin West—and a beautifully executed Fashion Plate. The matter is unusually good. Among the contributions we notice a very prettily written poem called The Death Dirge, by our foreign correspondent, J. Bayard Taylor, and a spirited ballad entitled Bunker Hill, somewhat in the Macauley style, by Charles J. Peterson. Also a poem, by T. B. Read, that reminds us of Tennyson.

MEXICO, BEFORE AND AFTER THE CONQUEST. *By Michel Chevalier. Translated from the French, by Fay Robinson. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.*—This is more properly an essay than a history, but contains a great deal of information relative to the early history of a country in which, from the circumstances of the times, all feel an interest. Price twenty-five cents.

SERIALS. We have received from *Lindsay & Blakiston*, No. 3 of Harper's Pictorial History of England, and Nos. 85 and 86 of the Illuminated Shakespeare, published by the same enterprising house. The plates in the Pictorial History of England are very good, and convey a very accurate impression of early costumes and manners in that country.

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The July number of this cheap magazine is before us. Its chief attraction is an admirably designed plate entitled "The Last Appeal." Mrs. Stephens has a thrilling story in illustration of the plate, and the reading matter throughout, is very entertaining. The fashion plate, we are told by the ladies, is better than usual.

OLLENDORFF'S FRENCH GRAMMAR, *by J. L. Jewett. Geo. S. Appleton, Philadelphia.*—We would recommend this book to any one wishing to acquire a knowledge of the French language. We have heard Ollendorff's system, as applied to the study of various languages, spoken of very highly by *one who knows.*

LIVONIAN TALES. *By the author of Letters From The Baltic. Harper & Brothers, New York.*—This is No. 85 of Harpers' Library of Select Novels, and contains three tales, The Disponent, The Wolves, and The Jewess, all apparently of deep interest. It can be had of *Lindsay & Blakiston.* Price 12½ cents.

THE LADIES' GARLAND. The July number of this periodical is received. The embellishments are The Noontide Dream and The Rose Celestial. The matter, partly original, seems to be very fair. The whole is about as good as could be expected for a dollar magazine.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. The July number of this periodical is adorned with four very good engravings. Owing to want of time we have been barely able to glance at its contents, but they appear to be of a superior character to those of last month.

Local Intelligence.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—On Thursday night week, about 11 o'clock, Mr. G. R. Hinkle, from Chestnut Hill, was robbed of $510, by two men, while passing along Elizabeth street, above Brown, in the Northern Liberties. Mr. H. was on his way to the residence of his father, in Elizabeth street, above Parrish, when he was accosted by a man in a very friendly manner with "How do you do?" and closely pressed upon by him. At the same time another man came up on his side and rear, and taking hold of him by the collar of his coat he was pushed against the fence, and the money stolen from his coat pocket. Although Mr. H. gave the alarm immediately, by crying murder, &c., by the time assistance came the fellows were well away. The money was in charge of Mr. H. as agent for Mr. Hass, tax collector of Chestnut Hill, to be paid over by him to the County Comissioners, on account of collections of State and County tax. It was in two parcels, one containing $275, the other $235, the whole put together in a pocket wallet. Mr. H. had been at several places during the afternoon, and very imprudently, as he states, mentioned, or in some way gave out that he was the bearer of a considerable amount of money. This is indeed a daring act, yet the place being quite lonely afforded a very favorable opportunity for such an outrage, while the indiscretion of Mr. H. gave likewise a gentle hint to some of the many individuals that infest our city and county to take the advantage of him.

MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.—A young lady about 18 years of age, living in New Market street, named Martha Witham, was accidentally drowned in the Wissahickon on Wednesday week, while on a pic nic. She had wandered off from the rest of the party, some considerable distance, in company with one or two companions, and in running near where the bank of the creek was steep, slipped in. A young girl discovering her in the water, ran and gave the alarm, and a young man, though unable to swim, plunged in to her rescue with the aid of a rail, but did not succeed in his laudable and noble endeavor. He afterwards got a boat and searched for her, and discovered her body in the water by her white dress. The deceased, who was a great favorite, was a member of the Rev. Mr. Ide's church. She was to have soon been married. Her lover was one of the party.

ACCIDENT.—FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—On Thursday evening week a man, named Philip Clark, living in Factory street, near the Schuylkill, between Spruce and Pine streets, before going to rest, in the third story, in consequence of the heat of the weather, took out the lower sash of the window alongside of his bed, and while asleep rolled out and was precipitated to the pavement. He was picked up dreadfully bruised, and taken to the hospital, where it was ascertained that none of his bones were broken. The man, though sensible, has no recollection as to how the accident occurred. It appears wonderful that he should have escaped with his life. He is 63 years of age, and a large stout man.

BASE COIN.—Spurious half dollars are in circulation, which, being well executed, are calculated to deceive the unwary. They have, however, a leaden appearance when closely examined, and may be detected if persons take the trouble to examine what they receive. Several pieces of this description of spurious coin were passed in the market on Wednesday.

From the Seat of War

NEWS FROM THE ARMY.

The following comprises all the important information that has reached this city since our last issue.

General Taylor was at Matamoras waiting for reinforcements to march on Monterey. Seven hundred and fifty men were stationed at Barita; five hundred at Point Isabel, and the remainder with the General at Matamoras—making in all, about nine thousand men.

The Mexican forces were between Matamoras and Monterey, for the purpose of repelling General Taylor's advance. Report estimates them to be 15,000, but this number is supposed to be exaggerated. The general impression was that they would make a stand there, and, if defeated, the war would be ended.

On Saturday, the 7th inst., Lieut. Colonel Wilson left Matamoras for Reonosa, making the first movement towards the invasion of Mexico by the American army. Colonel Wilson has a command of 500 strong.

Four companies of the first regiment of infantry, under the respective commands of Major Abercrombie, Captains Miller, Bachus, and La Motte; Capt. Price's company of Texan Rangers, with a section of Lieut. Bragg's battery, under Lieuts. Thomas and Johnstone, and a company of Alabama volunteers under Gen. Desha, form the command.

This movement is highly interesting, because it begins the carrying the war into the enemy's country. Reonosa is a small town on the Rio Grande, sixty miles from Matamoras, and containing about one thousand inhabitants. It is presumed that Col. Wilson will take it without a blow.

The volunteers are in good health and spirits—very few cases of sickness. It is rumored that Gen. Arista has sent a proclamation to Gen. Taylor, ordering him to leave Matamoras within a given time, or he should be obliged to come down from Monterey and chastise him for remaining on the west side of the Rio Grande.

Volunteers have at last began to pour into Galveston freely.

A paper called the "Republic of Rio Grande and Friend of the People," has been started at Matamoras.

The first number is dated June 1st, and the second June 8th. The motto of the paper is, "Fear not—the brave and generous soldier is only to be dreaded in the field of battle." The leading articles are printed both in English and Spanish.

The purpose is to convince the people of Tamaulipas, Coahuila, New Leon and Chihuahua, of the futility of resisting American arms, and to throw upon the administration of Paredes the responsibility of the war. A separation of the departments named above from the Central Government of Mexico is the distinct aim of this new paper. We have not room for one of its "leaders" to-day, but cull a few "news items," as follows:

MOVEMENTS OF THE ENEMY.—A traveller from Tampico met a government carrier between that place and Victoria, about ten days ago, hunting for the Mexican army, for whom he bore orders, he said, to retreat upon Tampico. This would seem to indicate that the government consider the day as definitely lost in this quarter, or were unable to reinforce their army sufficiently to enable it to stand another battle, and were collecting its fragments for the defence of Vera Cruz.

From the New Orleans Tropic, June 15.

A letter was received in town yesterday by the steamer "Sea," which states that Gen. Arista had sent proposals to Gen. Taylor for an armistice, and that he had established his head quarters at Monterey, with 15,000 men. Gen. Taylor is said to have sent back an answer that he would meet General Arista at Monterey. We have no doubt of the rumor. The steamer New York was expected at New Orleans with Galveston papers to the 11th inst. News is anxiously expected from Col. Wilson's expedition to Reonosa, as it is stated that Gen. Canales and all his forces, amounting to from 12 to 1400 cavalry, are concentrating there, and will no doubt show fight. Colonel Wilson's force amounts to 800 men.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

The news brought by this steamship is generally unimportant. We give the following summary.

It was reported that the Caledonia had brought over an offer on the part of Great Britain, to mediate between the United States and Mexico; but it is generally believed, now, it was merely a suggestion that she was willing, if it would be acceptable to this country, to make such an offer.

The Cotton Market has been reduced again to a state of comparative quiet.

There is no improvement in Grain in the London market.

Flour was dull—Philadelphia Flour under lock at Liverpool from 20s. to 21s.

Prince Louis Napoleon had arrived in England incognito, and was about to leave for Florence, there to join his invalid father.

The Oregon question has now ceased to give any uneasiness.

FREIGHTS AT LIVERPOOL.—The warlike tidings per Cambria had tended to check shipments in some degree, and a few houses declined to ship in American bottoms, which caused some little enquiry for British vessels—there is not, however, a single American ship in port unfixed.

The underwriters are making a rich harvest out of the fears of the fastidious. The rates of insurance to New York and New Orleans were, on British vessels, 30s. to 35s. per cent; on American vessels as high as 60s. to 105s. per cent.

The sugar duties keep alive attention. Respecting the fate of the Ministry the impression is, that Sir R. Peel is far in advance of his colleagues, and that he is anxious to apply to sugar the free trade principle which he has extended to corn.

The annual statement of the Exchequer is given, comparing the national income with the expenditures of the current year. A surplus of £2,200,000 was anticipated, but the increased expenditure in the Navy and Ordnance Department this year, only left a surplus of £776,000, of which £700,000 was derived from China.

The beautiful weather, which set in in England with the close of May, continues, and the warmth has been oppressive. Vegetation progresses and the country in every direction presents a smiling and lovely appearance. There is evidence not only of an abundant, but of an early harvest. The corn in most districts looks strong and healthy, and the potato is found to be free from disease, and excellent in all respects.

The King of Prussia has ordered to be printed an edition of the complete works of Frederick the Great. It will be splendid as a typographical production; only two hundred copies will be struck off, and a copy will be presented to every foreign government.

Austria, Prussia, and Russia, are apprehensive of another outbreak in Cracow, to be set on foot by the Polish emigrants in France, England, and Belgium. The three powers have taken measures of precaution. At Warsaw several arrests have been made. Austria has made use of the assistance of the peasantry, by liberally remunerating them for their recent exertions.

The Chambers of Hanover have rejected a new law of great severity towards the press. They have also declared that there is no objection to admitting Jews to civil rights and to certain privileges.

The chiefs and authorities of the native population of Algiers have sent a congratulatory address to the King on his escape from assassination. It is a pompous and flowery document, but is remarkable for containing the expression "*your* country of Algiers"—the first time it has ever been used by the Arabs since the conquest of the French.

The cholera appears to be advancing with rapid strides towards St. Petersburgh, from whence no doubt it will in time make its way to Western Europe.

From Caucasus the news is not important. The Polish soldiers in the Russian army had manifested some excitement at the receipt of the intelligence of the Cracovian insurrection.

It is asserted that the Spanish Government had offered the hand of Queen Isabella to Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg Gotha, through the Queen of Portugal, but the courtiers, on the authority of the Ministry, denied the truth of the statement.

Mr. Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico, by Cortez, has been translated, and has met with considerable success. It is to be regretted that the works of other American authors do not find their way to the Continent, as they extend considerably the moral and even the political influence of a country. At present Fenimore Cooper is the only American writer at all known there.

General News.

COLORED OPPOSITION TO AMALGAMATION.—The Police Court this morning presented a very striking instance of opposition, on the part of a colored gentleman, to practical amalgamation—such as is now tolerated by the laws of Massachusetts. A young colored man was brought up, charged with an assault upon one Richard Cooper, an Englishman, and upon his wife and daughter, committed in Belknap street, on Sunday evening last, as they were returning from church. Mr. Cooper is a white man, but his wife is black, and his daughter not so black. This unnatural, though legal union, has excited the natural and illegal indignation of the people of color, and finally led to a direct assault and battery, for which the colored man was held to answer, in the sum of one hundred dollars at the next term of the Municipal Court.—*Boston Traveller.*

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—A simple and never-failing yeast at such a trifling cost as to be within the reach of every housekeeper. Take one penny's worth of brewer's yeast, two boiled potatoes left from dinner the previous day, grate in them a teaspoonful of brown sugar, one coffee cup of boiling water and pour on this grated potato and sugar, then take one-fourth of the yeast and mix all together, set it in the kitchen aside to rise, at bed time take two large cups of water, stir flour in it till it is so stiff that you can hardly move it, in the morning you will find your bread ready for the oven, and the whole expense not more than one penny. This is truly the age of improvement.

VESSEL SEIZED.—The brig Josephine, Captain Barrow, which cleared from New York on Saturday for Maranham, was seized by the Collector at the Port at Quarantine, for having on board four hundred kegs of powder which were not entered upon her manifest. The captain stated that his reason for not entering the powder upon the manifest was that he was afraid he should be boarded by some of our vessels of war, or some Mexican cruisers, who, upon finding the same registered upon the brig's manifest would take it. The brig is detained at Quarantine for the present, under charge of the boarding officers at that station.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH A BAROMETER.—At New Haven, on Monday week, a thunderstorm which came up was perceived at the Telegraph office in that city, nearly two hours before the clouds made their appearance, by the spasmodic action of the apparatus, the effect of atmospheric electricity. During the severe shower which succeeded, the effect of the electricity became so intense, the flashes and explosions so frequent, that the batteries were taken off, and the New York and Boston wires being connected with the wire which leads to the ground, the effect disappeared.

CROPS.—The grain and grass never looked better in this and adjoining counties. The wheat on the rich limestone bottom land, yields a full and heavy crop. This, so far, has been a season remarkably favorable to farmers on upland; they will have fine crops. The farmers are now busy at haymaking. The weather, so far, has been unfavorable, cloudy and small rains. Harvest will be soon on their heels. Summer crops look well, potatoes remarkably so; by present appearances they will yield abundantly.—*Lehigh Bulletin.*

THE "STRIPED PIG."—A man was recently tried in the town of Hamburg, Erie county, New York, on charge of selling intoxicating liquors without a license. It appeared in evidence, that the defendant exhibited in his back room a picture of "Polk and Dallas," for a peep at which he was wont to charge 6d, a glass of liquor being thrown in gratis. The number of calls upon Messrs. "Polk and Dallas" becoming very frequent, complaints was entered. The jury found him guilty.

RAVAGES OF THE HESSIAN FLY.—The Rahway, N. J., Advocate says: "This destructive insect is making sad havoc among the wheat fields in this vicinity. One field of twelve acres, which a fortnight ago gave promise of two hundred and fifty or three hundred bushels, will not probably be worth putting the cradle into. So far as we hear, the entire crop, in this vicinity, at least, will be cut off. It is some seven or eight years since this fly has appeared in this quarter."

FIRST CAST IRON IN MICHIGAN.—A correspondent of the Jackson Patriot, writing from Union City, under date of June 4, says that the first cast iron ever manufactured in Michigan, was made at the Union Furnace lately erected in Union City on the Friday preceding. The Company, it is said, are now casting from two to three tons of pig iron per day, and the iron is believed by judges to be of excellent quality, and the ore, the product of that State, abundant.

☞ Miss Eliza Floyd, of Gorham, Me., drowned herself at Saccarrapa, on Thursday week. She was an operative in a factory, and had committed an error, for which she was repentant and had been forgiven; but some of her companions frightened her by saying that the constable was after her, and she waded into the water, and was drowned. The jury of inquest rendered a verdict of suicide from mental derangement. Poor girl!

SCENE IN OUR PUBLISHING OFFICE.—Enter a tall, eager fellow—lean and hungry looking, as though he could eat a regiment of Mexicans for his supper.

"I want an exter, Mr. Clerk."

"None issued—no news," said that dignitary.

"No news; thunder, didn't a feller down on the wharf tell me Monterzumar was took."—*Pittsburg Journal.*

TO DESTROY MILDEW.—Mr. Haggerston, who obtained a few years ago a premium from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for the discovery of a mode of destroying the rose-slug, says, that a weak solution of whale oil soap, in the proportion of two pounds of soap to about fifteen gallons of water, or weaker, will check and entirely destroy the mildew on the gooseberry, peach tree, grape vine, &c.

CHIMNIES.—Instead of plastering the inside of chimnies in the usual way, take mortar made with one peck of salt to each bushel of lime, adding as much sand and loam as will render it fit to work, and then lay on a thick coat. If the chimney has no offsets for the soot to lodge on, it will continue perfectly clean, and free from all danger of taking fire. A trial of three years warrants this assertion.

FIRST FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.—Two soldiers from the army of Gen. Taylor, passed through Pittsburg last Thursday week, on their way to New York. They served in the battle of the 8th and 9th, and were discharged on the 14th, their period of enlistment having expired.

☞ A tobacconist in St. Louis gave each of the recruits from that city a wedge of chewing tobacco before their departure, they having given him assurances that St. Louis should have her share in the honors of the war. This then may be called the *quid pro quo.*

RIO GRANDE DEER.—Among the many amusing stories of the camp told by Col. Thorpe, ("Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter,") is one which he prefaces by saying that there are wandering over the prairies in the vicinity of our camp on the Rio Grande, a large number of the finest large horned cattle in the world. "Our Volunteers," wishing for a fresh steak, would make some of them occasionally bite the dust. An order came, that no more "killing beef" must take place, and no more beef was killed. Scouting parties now went out for venison, and some good shots were fortunate enough to kill one. It was dragged into camp and duly divided up among the knowing ones of the regiment. When day light appeared, suspicion got out that a beef had been killed, this was stoutly denied, and the report was contradicted by the assertion, that a deer had been killed *weighing over eight hundred pounds.* This caused universal surprise, especially among certain officers, who demanded to see *the horns.* After a great deal of delay they were produced, and examined by a court martial, who solemnly decided that the venison of the Rio Grande had horns perfectly smooth, and resembling those of the *ox species* in other parts of the world.

GEN. AMPUDIA.—We are compelled to cut down somewhat an article upon this Mexican *brave.*

An amusing story is told by a Ranchero's wife of the haste and trepidation in which he crossed the river on the afternoon of the 9th of May—a day likely to be remembered in his calendar. The good woman says that Ampudia came to her house soon after the firing commenced, at full speed and alone, and begged her husband like a hound to cross him over the river before those shouting devils, the Americans, could overtake him. The poor husbandman complied and ferried the poor, crest-fallen, terror stricken hero across; but he had no sooner landed and placed the broad river between himself and his pursuers, than he became the haughty, supercilious Gen. Ampudia again, and ordered his preserver to play lackey and groom to himself and horse.

SUGAR IN DISGUISE.—*Result of the Investigation.*—The examination of the syrup recently imported into New York as molasses, on West India account, has resulted in proving it to contain from 55¾ to 56½ per cent. of cane or granular *sugar!* The specific gravity was from 1.360 to 1.364. The result of the investigation is, that sugar has thus been introduced in disguise at a duty of 4½ mills per pound whereas the tariff imposes a duty of two cents and a half per pound! The government has been defrauded to an enormous extent, and great injustice done to our own sugar planters.

HUMBUG.—Everybody, perhaps, is not acquainted with the etymology of the word humbug. It is a corruption of Hamburgh, and originated in the following manner.—During a period when war prevailed on the continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburgh, that, at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say, "you had that from Hamburgh;" and thus, "that is Hamburgh," or "Humbug," became a common expression of incredulity.

AMPUDIA WISHING TO LEARN.—General Ampudia expressed himself anxious to learn one thing of the Americans, and said if he could do it he thought he could make his soldiers fight better. The American officer to whom he spoke, delighted with his enquiring mind, asked him what he so much wished to learn. He replied with great simplicity "learn to swear those big words the Americans talk at their soldiers."

☞ A most curious race—if such it may be called—will soon "come off" in the vicinity of the Robinson Crusoe House, Chelsea Beach. One hundred potatoes, three feet apart, in a straight line, are to be picked up one at a time and placed in a basket which is to set at the end of the line. One hour, we believe, is the time allowed for the accomplishment of this feat.

☞ The Boa Constrictor brought home in the Deposit, escaped from his cage on Sunday night, 14th inst., and had not been recovered on Monday morning, says the Salem Register. He was supposed to be enjoying himself in the vessel's hold, whither he had retired after taking upon himself the sole responsibility of "extending his area of freedom."

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—A negro man while engaged in fishing from a wood flat in Savannah, not being successful, wound the line around his wrist and laid down to take a nap. A big fish of some kind seized the hook and drew the negro into the river, where he would have been drowned but for the assistance of several persons near by.

ALBERT J. TIRRELL.—The trial of Albert J. Tirrell for arson, which was to have commenced this day in the Supreme Judicial Court, has been postponed to the November term of the Court, on motion of the prisoner's counsel, in consequence of the sickness of one of the principal witnesses for the defence.—*Boston Eve. Transcript, June 16.*

☞ The Hibernia sailed on Tuesday week, with eighty-four passengers for Liverpool, and one for Halifax. Among the passengers are Rev. E. Skinner, of New York, Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, and James G. Bennett, of the New York Herald. The latter is said to be the bearer of despatches.

☞ Chas. H. Hartman, a watchman, of Charleston, S. C., on Saturday night was pursuing a negro who jumped overboard; Hartman pulled off his belt and jacket and jumped in after him but in consequence probably of the heat in which he was at the time, was seized with the cramp and drowned.

☞ The census of Illinois, in 1840, exhibited a population of 472,929. In 1845 the total had grown to 661,999. This is an amazing increase, and if the other States which cluster in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, show a corresponding increase, the total will be large beyond expectation in 1850.

☞ A letter-writer from New Hampton, N. H. gives an account of a man who has lived alone fifty years alone, secluded from all others, in a small hut, about five miles from the institution at that place.

☞ It is said that the body of Lieut. Porter has been found about twenty-six miles from Matamoras on the other side of the river. It was recognized by a peculiar mark upon one arm.

☞ A letter from the Governor of Illinois, states that there are thirty thousand dollars in the Treasury, as the proceeds of the interest tax, which sum will be paid to the bond holders.

☞ Broom-corn seed is now raised in large quantities in Illinois, to fatten cattle.

Religious Intelligence.

TUMULT IN A CHURCH AT JERUSALEM.—A letter from Jerusalem says,—"A deplorable scene occurred in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, on Good Friday. The Latin priests were engaged in the ceremonies of the day, and a procession was passing through the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, when a carpet happening to be placed in the part of the church set aside for the use of the Greek schismatics, gave rise to an extraordinary tumult. The Greeks insisted that the carpet should be taken away, the Latins insisting upon its remaining. An exchange of abusive words ensued, which were speedily followed by blows. A tremendous battle was the consequence, in which the wax candles were upset, the candelabra destroyed, the banners pulled down, and their poles turned into pikes for the use of the combatants. A great number of persons were seriously hurt, and some were killed; but at length the Pacha came with a party of troops, and cleared the church of both parties. It was then found that not only had a great deal of damage been done to the church, but some of the most valuable and portable objects had been stolen by the pious and pugnacious pilgrims."

THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.—The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland commenced its Annual Session at Edinburgh, on the 21st ultimo. In the forenoon, the Marquis of Bute, the Lord High Commissioner, held a levee in the throne room of the Palace of Holyrood, and afterwards attended divine service at the High Church. He then proceeded to the Assembly Hall, Castlehill, where proceedings were commenced. The Rev. Dr. Paull, of Tullynessle, was appointed Moderator, in the room of Dr. Hill, whose year of service had expired. The Lord High Commissioner announced her Majesty's subscription of £2,000, for the promotion of religious knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. This was followed by an expression of thanks on the part of the Assembly. The proceedings generally do not possess any feature of interest. The Assembly of the Free Church met on the same day, in the large Hall at Canonmills. Dr. Robert J. Brown, Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen, was appointed Moderator in the room of the Rev. Dr. M'Farlan. The financial reports were satisfactory.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

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JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorised to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Milton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.

Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Milton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Congressional News.

Mr. McDuffie has been elected Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in the Senate, on the Seventh Balloting. Mr. Archer, Mr. Webster, Mr. Sevier and Mr. McDuffie were the prominent candidates.

Mr. Webster, at the close of the third balloting said that he had now allowed his name to be used as long as he deemed it necessary for a fair expression of opinion, and did not desire further to embarrass the action of the Senate.

At the close of the fifth balloting Mr. Sevier also declined allowing his name further to be used.

On the seventh balloting Mr. McDuffie was declared to be elected, he having 31 of 52 votes, 27 being necessary to a choice. The election of Mr. McDuffie is considered another victory of the 49s over the 54 40s.

On the 18th, the Oregon Treaty was ratified by the Senate, by a vote of 41 to 14.

For the Treaty—Archer, Ashley, Benton, Berrien, Bagby, Barrow, Crittenden, Chalmers, Corwin, J. M. Clayton, T. Clayton, Calhoun, Colquitt, Dix, Dayton, Davis, Evans, Greene, Houston, Haywood, Huntington, Johnson of La., Johnson of Md., Lewis, McDuffie, Mangum, Moorehead, Miller, Niles, Phelps, Pearce, Pennybacker, Rusk, Sevier, Speight, Simmons, Turney, Upham, Webster, Woodbridge, Yulee—41.

Against the Treaty—Allen, Atchison, Atherton, Bright, Breese, Cameron, Cass, Dickinson, Fairfield, Hannegan, Jenness, Sturgeon, Semple, Wescott—14.

Absent—Jarnigan—1.

The election of a Whig Senator by the New Hampshire Legislature, in place of a Democrat, will render the passage of the new Tariff Bill very doubtful through that body, even if its friends should succeed in getting it through the House.

The Secretary of the Treasury has given instructions to the Collectors of the different ports to grant clearances of American vessels to Matamoras. Goods will therefore now enter the Northern provinces of Mexico, free of the heavy duties to which they were subjected under the Mexican Government.

The nomination of John K. Kane, Esq., as District Judge of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, in place of Judge Randall, deceased, has been confirmed by the Senate.

It is rumored that a Secret Negotiation is now going on for terminating the war with Mexico.

The Hon. R. P. Herrick, of New York, died suddenly on last Saturday evening, from an attack of bilious cholic. He was buried on Tuesday.

A Bill has been introduced into the House from the Select Committee on the Revision of the Consular System, which provides that from and after the passage of the Act, the President of the United States shall, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint Consuls for the United States, to reside at the following places, who shall receive, during their continuance in office, an annual compensation for their services, not exceeding the amount specified.

British Dominions.—London and Liverpool, $4,000 each; Cowes, Glasgow, Belfast, Nassau, (Bahama,) Bermuda, Gibraltar, Sidney (New South Wales,) and Demerara, $2,000 each; Kingston, (Jamaica,) Hong Kong, Bombay, Calcutta, and Singapore, $2,500 each. Russia.—St. Petersburg, and Odessa, $1,500.

French Dominions.—Havre, $3,000; Paris, $2,500; Marseilles, $2,000; Bordeaux, $1,500. Spanish Dominions.—Cadiz, Malaga, Matanzas, Trinidad de Cuba, Teneriffe, (Canary,) Manilla, (Philippine,) each $1,500; Havana, $4,000; St. Johns, (Porto Rico,) $2,000. Portuguese Dominions.—Lisbon, Fayal, (Azores,) St. Jago, (Cape de Verde,) $1,500 each. Belgium.—Antwerp, $1,500. Dutch Dominions.—Amsterdam, and Rotterdam, each $1,500; Batavia, $2,000. Danish Dominions.—Elsinore, St. Croix, (West Indies,) each $1,500. Sweden and Norway.—Guttemburgh, $1,500. Austria.—Trieste, $1,500. Hanseatic Cities.—Bremen, $2,000; Hamburgh, $1,500. States of the Zollverein.—Frankfort on the Main, $2,000. Switzerland.—Basle, $2,000. Sardinia.—Genoa, $1,500. Tuscany.—Leghorn, $2,000. Pontifical States.—Rome, $1,500. Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.—Naples and Palermo, each $1,500. Turkish Dominions.—Constantinople, $1,500; Smyrna and Beyrout, each $2,000. Egypt.—Alexandria, $2,000. Greece.—Athens, $1,000. Barbary States.—Tangier, Tunis and Trippoli, each $3,000. Dominions of the Imaum of Muscat.—Muscat, $1,000. China.—Canton, $3,000. Sandwich Islands.—Honolulu, $3,000. Society Islands.—Tahiti, $1,000. New Zealand.—Bay of Islands, $2,000. Hayti.—Port au Prince, $2,000. Mexican Republic.—Vera Cruz and Monterey, $2,000 each. Central America.—Guatemala, $2,000. New Granada.—Panama, $2,000. Venezuela.—Puerto Cabello, $1,500. Ecuador.—Guayaquil, $2,000. Brazils.—Rio Janeiro, $3,000. Uruguay.—Montevideo, $2,000. Buenos Ayres.—Buenos Ayres, $1,500. Chili.—Valparaiso, $2,000. Peru.—Paita, $2,000.

Casualties.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT AT ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.—*School-House Blown Down and Scholars Injured.*—On Friday week, a severe storm of thunder and lightning occurred at Rochester, New York, during which the West end of one of the district schools, occupied by the female department, and containing nearly one hundred scholars, was blown down, about fifteen of the children were injured by the falling of bricks—some five or six of them pretty severely—and one was killed.

Some of them were taken from under the pile of bricks, buried nearly two feet, more than half an hour after the wall fell in! An idea of the force of the wind can be had from the fact that the storm arrived at Auburn, at the rate of about fifty miles per hour.

DROWNED.—On Thursday afternoon week, a lad named Thomas J. Snow, aged 15, son of Dr. Snow, of Pinckney street, was drowned while attempting to swim across the space between the Baths on the Western Avenue, and Braman's. Only a child of four or five years of age was present, who was so frightened that he ran away without giving the alarm.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE FIRE AT QUEBEC.—The Quebec Gazette says that the funeral of the sufferers, except three or four, took place on one day.

From an early hour in the morning till seven in the evening, funeral processions were passing through the streets to the different places of interment. So melancholy a sight has not been beheld in Quebec since the time of the Cholera. At one time there were fifteen coffins in the French Cathedral, waiting for the last rites of the church to be said over the mutilated remains contained in them.

At the English burial ground we observed four Clergymen present; three Episcopalians and one Presbyterian, discharging the last sad duties of their office to members of their respective flocks. The Wesleyan Methodist Minister was likewise kept busily engaged during the afternoon, in the performance of a similar duty. In fact, every religious body in the city; with one or two exceptions, has suffered more or less by this dreadful calamity.

The remains of Lieut. Hamilton, of the 14th, were interred with military honors.

Miscellaneous News.

GENERAL TAYLOR.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta mentions the following incidents of the battle field which we have not seen elsewhere published. Alluding to the battle of the 8th, the writer says:

"The first care of General Taylor was to visit the wounded and see that every comfort was supplied—the constant and well-directed energies of the medical department left but little for him to do; every one, whether officer or soldier, had been attended with unwearying care and watchfulness. The troops having partaken of their meal, the order was given to get the command under arms. Gen. Taylor here summoned a council of war, composed of the heads of the different commands, in all thirteen, excluding the commander-in-chief. The General, after returning thanks for their support and bravery on the 8th, and wishing to be advised as to what they thought best to be done, called on each to give his opinion. It was then ascertained that but four were in favor of *going ahead*, the other officers composing the counsel voted, some to entrench where they were and await the assistance of the volunteers, and others to retire at once to Point Isabel, but the General said, '*I will be at Fort Brown before night, if I live.*'"

He adds:—

"Those who voted for going ahead, as they watched the countenance of the General, might have seen the smile of approbation that lighted up the old man's honest face at the moment, though he bowed with respect to the opinions of those who differed from him; and in saying *engrave on the sacred banner of the stars and stripes the names of Taylor, McIntosh, Morris, Scott, and Duncan*, I mean no reflection upon those who voted against them—they were men tried in many a field before, and their deeds on that day proved them equal to the best.

"Lieut. Ridgely, who was entitled to a vote in the council, was at the time in attendance on the lamented Ringgold, and therefore had no voice in the matter, but as he galloped up to the battery, on returning from his visit to the Major, some one said, 'Ridgely, were you at the council?' and he replied 'no, I did not know that one had been called, but I hope old Zack will go ahead and bring the matter to close quarters.'"

AN UNAUTHORIZED OPERATOR.—Some curious effects are sometimes witnessed at the office of the Magnetic Telegraph, and though the instrument itself has been found in most cases an obedient agent in transmitting the messages despatched through it, yet it seems at times to act independently of the control of its directors.

A short time since, during a thunder storm, it was seized with a freak of this kind, and as if the element by which it operates acknowledged its affinity to the electric power, suffered the lightning to take the instrument out of the hands of the operators and commenced inditing a despatch on its own account from the upper regions.

Such a rattling as it kept up for a time, and such a snapping about the heads of the attendants, convinced them that there was much and important matter being transmitted, but unfortunately there was no interpreter who understood the language of the celestial newsmonger, otherwise we might have been able to present our readers, in addition to our "Telegraphic despatches" from Washington, Baltimore and New York, from "the North and the South," with another "from the clouds."

As it was, the signs made were more unintelligible than a mixture of the Chinese and the Choctaw, and no "learned blacksmith" on the face of the earth would have been able to render them into readable English. During the whole of this volunteer performance, the rules and regulations of the company were grossly violated. The operator paid no respect nor attention to the regulation which allows one individual to have the exclusive use of the instrument for fifteen minutes only; it continued to hold possession for an hour or two, and did not yield until the storm having broken its force and gathered up the ragged remnants of the clouds, passed off slowly to the East.—*Public Ledger.*

A FALLEN ANGEL.—A wretched looking object, the wreck of a fair and lovely girl, was brought before Recorder Baldwin for being drunk in the streets. So fearful and deplorable a sight of wretchedness we have not seen for a long, long time. The pallid face and sunken cheek and eye, told a tale of vice, sickness and misery pursued for a few short years, which had hurried a young girl to the brink of eternity. Her long black hair hung in tangled masses over a skinny neck where every muscle and vein stood out in bold relief. A ragged, dirty petticoat, and the waist of what had once been a gown, were all the vestige of a dress she had on.

"Mary Collins," said the Recorder, "I am sorry to say that you were found drunk in the street yesterday."

"No, no, your honor—no, no, sir!" said the trembling victim, "not drunk in the streets, not drunk! I just laid down in the shade, for I was tired, that's all. Be pleased to let me go this time. I can't promise that I'll not be brought up again, for I must drink. I've tried to leave, but it's no use, no use! I've no friends left, not one! and where's the use of leavin' off the only thing I have to make me forget myself and all the world. I'm not worth savin', and besides it's too late now, too late. So let me go this time."

The Recorder told Mary she was more an object for sympathy than for punishment, but as she would be infinitely better off in the work-house than living about the streets, he should send her there for a few days.—*N. O. Pic.*

A SURE WAY.—The following, extracted by the Boston Transcript from one of its Southern papers, is quite an apposite hint to "examine your bills."

"A merchant of Mississippi during a day's business in which he had been crowded with customers, sold a saddle of the value of forty dollars, but had neglected to make the charge. Next day he missed the saddle and recollected the fact of the sale, but not the individual who had bought it. After racking his memory for some time to no purpose, he directed his clerk *Jim* to turn to his ledger alphabet and read off the W's, then the S's, the B's, the C's, and other letters in succession; all to no purpose.

"Tired out with the mental exercise, and as the readiest way of settling the difficulty, 'Jim,' said he, 'charge a saddle to every one of the customers.' This was accordingly done. When the planters had got their cotton in, and settling time came round, the bills were presented, and if occasionally one man more prudent than his neighbors, went through the drudgery of examining a long list of sundries got by different members of the family, he might possibly discover a saddle which they had *not* got, or one *more* than they had got, and objecting to the item, it would be struck out of course, alleging there was some mistake. When all the accounts had been settled up, 'Well, Jim,' said the storekeeper, 'how many customers paid you for that saddle?' Jim examined, and reported *thirty-one*. 'Little enough,' exclaimed his employer, 'for the trouble we have had to find out who got it.'"

MEXICAN BANNER.—The trophy taken by Gen Taylor on the 9th May and forwarded to Governor Johnson of Louisiana, is a common red cotton flag, with black worsted fringe, having a large grenade, in black, in the centre, traversed by artificer's instruments, from which we infer that it belonged to a corps of engineers. It is a forked banner, of the shape of what, in nautical phraseology, is called a "Burgee." It is attached to a pike about eight feet long.

PRISONER ESCAPED.—A prisoner named O'Brien, escaped from Connecticut State Prison a few days since. He was put out into the yard to work, and took leg bail when two or more persons connected with the prison were looking at him. He was under sentence for life, and when taken out was put in charge of a person who was not an officer of the prison.

FLESH TURNED TO STONE.—The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas states that Dr. Silvestre, an Italian, has revived the discovery of "a method of hardening, even to the consistency or rather solidity of marble, any organised substance." He is further said to have exhibited, among other specimens of his skill "a woman's head, with the hair parted and dressed, the hair retaining its flexible properties and color, although the surface from which it grew resembled stone. There was also a child's hand plump and dimpled as in life, but cold, semi-transparent, and ringing like marble when struck. A piece of liver, of its deep, rich, chocolate brown color, somewhat resembled red granite, and a petrified tongue appeared as if it never could have emitted a sound. It was literally 'a tongue in stone.'" The learned Doctor says, that so cheap is the process, that at a very small expense our dead friends may be turned into stone. This process throws entirely into the shade the Egyptian art of embalming.

AMUSING INCIDENT.—A correspondent of the St Louis New Era, writing from the camp of the St. Louis Legion, opposite New Orleans, relates the following incident:

Many an amusing scene has occurred in camp among the recruits as well as the "drilled." Last night one of our best drilled officers, without thinking especially of the "orders of the day," was walking very quietly over the rear line of the encampment, when he was challenged very promptly, "Who comes dere?" Thinking the sentinel very abrupt, the officer exclaimed "*Thunder and Mars!*" when the sentinel, honestly supposing the officer had given his own name, replied, "Advance! *Dunder and Mars*, and give de countersign." The officer sloped.

RAILROAD FROM YORK TO HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—The Harrisburg Telegraph says that preparations are making for the taking of the stock of the York and Cumberland Railroad.—The Telegraph Remarks:—"This will give us a direct railroad communication to Baltimore, and all the advantages of that market, as we shall be between twenty and thirty miles nearer to it than to Philadelphia."

SINGULAR UNION.—A marriage extraordinary was celebrated in the church of St. Martin (Attakapas) on the 23d ult. The groom was 91 years of age, and the bride, in white robe and white veil, was 101 years old. Both, without serious infirmities, kneeled down and made their first communion. A marriage promise had existed between them for sixty-five years.

CASE OF ANDREW D. POTTER.—The petition of Andrew D. Potter, for commutation of his punishment from death to imprisonment for life, was rejected in the House of Representatives of Connecticut, on Tuesday week, by the decisive vote of 116 to 88. His execution will take place, according to his sentence, on the 20th of July next.

Army & Navy.

THE PAY OF OFFICERS.

The following table shows the compensation allowed to officers and men from a colonel down:

	Per month.	Rations per day.	Forage.	Servants.
Colonel,	$75	6	4	2
Lieut. Colonel,	60	5	3	2
Major,	50	4	3	2
Adjutant (pay of Lieut. and $10 in addition.)		2		
Captain,	40	4		1
First Lieutenant,	30	4		1
Second do.,	25	4		1
Sergeant Major,	17	1		
Q. M. Sergeant,	17	1		
Principal Musicians,	17	1		
First Sergeant,	16	1		
Sergeant,	13	1		
Corporals,	9	1		
Musicians,	8	1		
Private,	8	1		

Volunteers will require the following dress:

1 Dress cap,	2 Flannel shirts,
1 Forage cap, glazed silk,	2 pair drawers,
1 Uniform coat,	4 pair bootees,
1 Woollen jacket,	4 pair socks,
2 pair woollen overalls,	1 Leather or silk stock,
1 cotton jacket,	1 Fatigue frock, linen,
3 pair cotton overalls,	1 Blanket.

THE SANTA FE EXPEDITION.—The St. Louis New Era of the 19th says "The steamboat Radnor will start to-day for Fort Leavenworth, with about 150 tons of provisions and military stores for the troops going on the Santa Fe expedition. She has also on board a large number of wagons, which were manufactured in this city, and which are to be used as baggage wagons; nearly all the shops in the city have been engaged in manufacturing. A large portion of the two hundred ordered will be built on the Ohio."

THE ARMY.—We learn from an order from the War Department, dated on the 2d inst., and published in the St. Louis Republican, that the command of the Western Division of the army has been assigned to Brevet Brigadier General Geo. M. Brooke, in place of General Gaines. The headquarters of the Western Division are now at Jefferson Barracks.

☞ General Vega remained at New Orleans on the 11th. The statement that he was on his way to Washington had no foundation.

Political Intelligence.

☞ Hon. Alexander H. Everett, was to sail on Saturday last in the ship Canota, for China, where he goes as American Minister. The Times states that since his appointment, notwithstanding his severe illness, he has made important acquisitions in the language and history of the people among whom he is to reside.

MAINE.—Several more attempts to elect a U. S. Senator have resulted in no choice.

Items of News.

LICENSES IN NEW YORK.—The New York Courier states the fact that over thirty thousand dollars are received by that city for licenses to sell liquors, at $10 each, making the number of licensed sellers over three thousand, to say nothing of the numerous places where it is sold without license.

A WHITE CROW.—The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel of the 13th instant, says:—"We were shown, yesterday, a full grown crow, perfectly white. It was caught a few days ago by a servant on the plantation of Mr. Coleman, near this city, and appears now quite domesticated."

IRISH HUMOR.—An Irishman of Capt. Duncan's battery, in leading a wounded horse from the field, at Palo Alto, after the battle, was annoyed by the howling of wolves, attracted to the spot by the Mexican dead. "Ah be aisy, ye bastes! sure there's enough for all iv yees."

MICHIGAN VOLUNTEERS.—The Monroe City Guards have tendered their services to the Governor. The Northern Lenawee Guards, just organized at Tecumseh, makes the tenth company. The whole number of companies required from this State is already obtained.

THE SCAB.—This is a disease which the Boonsboro' Odd Fellow is informed by a number of farmers has actually injured the wheat to a great extent in Washington county, Maryland. Some fields are half taken by it. It was caused by the rain and damp weather.

A GOOD BILL.—In the Connecticut Legislature a bill for the punishment of those who attempt to improperly influence votes of persons in their employ, passed the House by a large majority.—The penalty is a fine of from $50 to $100.

☞ Hon. D. D. Barnard, of Albany, is said to be the author of the article in the June number of the American Review, on the causes and the motives of the war upon Mexico. It read to us as if it had at least *two* authors.

GREAT FISHING.—It is said, that on Lake Ontario, the white fish, at this season, pass along close to the shore in shoals. Some time ago a man took over 8,030 at one haul! says the Rochester Democrat.

SINGULAR CASES.—We are informed that two men, at the advanced ages of 73 and 87, were admitted to the elector's privilege, at Chaplin last spring, and voted for the first time in their lives.—*Courant.*

☞ The bill for a railroad from Boston to New Haven, which was vetoed by the Governor of Connecticut, and sent back to the House, was carried by the following vote. Ayes 113, noes 81—majority 32.

☞ The mediation offered by the Government of the United States, between the Argentine Government and Paraguay, has been accepted by the former.

NEW COTTON FACTORY.—A cotton factory is about to be erected at Reading, with a capital of $200,000.

☞ Two thousand female teachers are said to be immediately wanted in the State of Kentucky. A writer in the Louisville Journal says, that a number of benevolent ladies are taking measures for supplying in part this destitution.

☞ A mysterious prisoner has been for some time confined in the fortress of Konigstein, in Saxony. It is supposed to be Tyssowski, the last dictator of Warsaw. It is said that he will be exiled to America.

CHOLERA AT QUEBEC.—It was said in the Montreal Herald, of the 15th instant, that there is a report of the cholera having made its appearance at Quebec. But the report has been since contradicted.

☞ The Seguins have retired for the summer to a retired spot on Long Island, where they will prepare themselves to produce early next season Wallace's opera of "Maritana."

☞ Father Heinrich received but $200 for his concert at Boston. Three hundred dollars more were received, but were demanded by the musicians as their share.

☞ A Frankfort Journal of the 28th ultimo, states, from Cracow, that the famous peasant chief, Szela, and his son, have been arrested.

AGES OF THE GENERALS.—Gen. Gaines, it is said, is about sixty-nine years of age; Gen. Scott about sixty-four, and Gen. Taylor fifty-six.

☞ Col. John Wentworth has been re-nominated as the Democratic candidate for the 4th Congressional District of Illinois.

☞ Miss Cushman and her sister appear to be very successful in Manchester, where they succeeded Helen Faucett.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 25.

REMARKS—Business is gradually falling off, and the receipts have become light of most of the leading articles. The settlement of the Oregon question has produced a decidedly better feeling among the mercantile community. The hay harvest has arrived, and a large quantity of grass has been cut; but some of it has been injured by the prevalence of wet weather. During the last few days the weather has been unusually cold, and fires are not uncomfortable.

FLOUR & MEAL—The market has been quite inactive during the week, and at the close prices are less firm. The receipts continue light and the stock is decreasing. Sales of 2000 barrels for export, part at $3,87½—part at $3,81¼ and part at $3,75 per bbl for fair brands; a good brand at $4, and 700 bbls fresh ground at $4,12½; 600 bbls fair brands western at $3,75 and scraped at $3,50. For city use sales of western at $3,75a3,94, and Pa. at $3,87½ to 4,25 for fair brands and extra. Rye flour is scarce. Sales of 1000 bbls at $2,50, and 300 barrels at $2,59a2,62½. Corn Meal—Sales of 2000 bbls at $2,50, and Delaware at $2,62½. In ship bread no change.

GRAIN—The supply of wheat is now limited, but prices are nearly steady. Sales of 17,000 bushels at 80 to 91c for good and prime red, and $1 for white, red closing at 90c; 3500 bushels southern red at 86 to 89 cents. Rye—No sales; we quote 60c. Corn—Receipts light with a better demand. Sales of round yellow at 52 and heated at 51c. Southern flat at 52 to 51, and inferior at 50c; a lot of white at 53c. We quote round yellow at 53 and flat 52c and wanted.

PROVISIONS—Pork continues in limited request at steady rates. Sales of 3a400 bbls mess at $10½, cash, and 10,75a11, on time; prime at $8,75a9, on time. Bacon—Sales in lots, hams at 5 to 6, and sugar cured extra at 8a10c per lb; sides at 5a5½, and shoulders 3½a4c. Lard—Sales of 2000 kegs at 6½ to 6¾ cents, for ordinary to good quality; 150 bbls at 6½a6¾c. Butter—Sales of good western in bbls at 5a8½, and 20,000 lbs grease at 6½c. Cheese—Sales at 8a8½c per lb.

AMERICAN COTTON & WOOLLEN GOODS—The market continues inactive, but prices remain nearly steady. Heavy cotton goods have declined a fraction.

ASHES—No sales. Pots are held at $3,62½.

BARK—Sales of 120 hhds 1st No. 1 quercitron at $33 per ton. In tanners bark no change.

BEESWAX—Sales of 400 lbs yellow at 29a30c.

CANDLES—Market quiet and prices steady.

COAL—The export demand has become less active since the late advance in prices, the margin left to the dealers being very small. Prices are steady at $4,00 for lump, and $4,25 per ton for broken and screened coal, cash. Sales of six cargoes bituminous at 21 to 19 cts per bushel.

COFFEE—Holders are firm. Sales of 1800 bags Rio at 7¾a8c per lb, on time. A cargo of Laguayra is held at an advance on former rates. Arrived from Laguayra 3970 bags.

COPPER—Sheathing is steady at 23c per lb.

COTTON—The market continues languid and prices are hardly supported. Sales of 200 bales Mobile, New Orleans and Florida, at 7¼ to 9½c for ordinary to fair, and 370 bales Upland and Tennessee at 7¼ to 8½c per pound. Total week's sales 600 bales. Arrived 1100 bales.

DRUGS & DYES—A sale of 39 tons Saint Domingo logwood at $15 per ton. 10 tons soda ash at 3a3½; a few cases opium at $3,62½; and some ombre madder at 11½ a12c per lb, on time.

FEATHERS—No large sales. We quote 28a29 cts per lb.

FISH—Demand fair and prices steady. Sales of 400 bbls new south No. 3 mackerel at near $5,75 per barrel. Sales of old small No. 2 at $5,75a6,00, and large 1's at $10,75 per bbl.

FRUIT—The sales have been on a restricted scale. 400 boxes Sicily lemons in fair order at $2a2,50, and bunch raisins at $2,25 per box.

GINSENG—A sale of 8a7000 lbs crude at a price not public. We quote 36a37c per lb.

HEMP—Is inactive. A small sale of prime dew rotted at $100 per ton, 6 mos. Arrived 107 bales.

HIDES—A sale of 1000 Laguayra hides at a price not reported. Arrived 2000 hides.

INDIGO—Limited sales of good Bengal at $1 to 1,10 per pound.

IRON—Prices are steady, with a moderate demand. Sales of 3a400 tons; charcoal pig at $31 to 32,50, and anthracite $17a30 per ton in lots. In bar iron and blooms no sales of moment. We quote blooms at $55 to 73 per ton.

LEAD—A sale of 220 pigs bard lead at 4½ cts, cash. 13,000 pigs have arrived, all previously sold.

LUMBER—Sales of 600,000 eastern laths at $1,65, and some at $1,70 per M. White pine boards at $12a17, and yellow at 14a16 per M feet.

MAHOGANY—At auction 251 logs St. Domingo mahogany sold at 8½a17c per foot, 4 mos.

MOLASSES—The market has become extremely dull, and prices are hardly sustained. A sale of 125 casks fair Porto Rico at 28; 35 do Cienfuegos at 26½, and 112 hhds Matanzas, (to re-sale) at 27c, all on time. Arrived 313 hhds, 10 tierces.

NAVAL STORES—Dull. Sales of 4a500 bbls common rosin at 65c per bbl, and soap at $1,20a2; 150 bbls tar at $1,75; pitch is held at $1,12½a1,20. Sales of spirits of turpentine at 30a31c, in lots.

OILS—A sale of 4000 gallons whale oil, on the wharf, at 37c; sperm is steady at 90a95c. A sale of linseed in casks at 58c; bbls are held at 59c.

PLASTER—Sales of four cargoes at $2,65, 2,70 and 2,75 per ton; the latter to arrive.

RICE—Demand improving. Sales of 190 tcs fair at 3¼, and good quality at 3½a3¾ and occasionally at 3½ cts per pound.

SALT—Sales of two cargoes Turks Island, 11,700 bushels, on terms not public. We quote about 29a29½c.

SEEDS—Good cloverseed is scarce and wanted—Sales at $4,25a4,37½ per bushel. Flaxseed may be quoted at $1,20a1,21, and none arriving.

SPICES are inactive. Sales of 800 lbs prime nutmegs at $1,50 per lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS—Sales of brandy in small lots—Bordeaux at $3a3,02½; Rochelle $2,10a2,12½, and cognac $2,30a2,75. N. E. rum in bb's at 28½c. Whiskey is scarce, and a shade higher. Sales of 330 bbls at 20 cts; small sales in hhds at 19½a20c.

SUGAR—The sugar market is extremely quiet and inactive, but prices are steady and firm. Sales of 310 hhds New Orleans at 6a6½c; 20 Porto Rico at 6¼a7—400 bxs Havana and Matanzas brown and yellow at 7½a8½; white at 9½, and 75 bags white Brazil at 8½c per lb, all 4 to 6 mos. Arrived 48 hhds, 2131 boxes, 625 bbls, 1252 bags.

TALLOW—Sales of 40,000 lbs at 7½c per lb, cash.

TEAS—Holders are firm and look for some change in the tariff and a duty on tea.

TOBACCO—Sales of 65 hhds Kentucky leaf at 3 to 11c per lb; Maysville at 10a11c, part for shipment.

WINES—No private sales of any extent.

WOOL—The new clip has commenced coming in pretty freely and it meets with a moderate demand, although the market is very bare of wool. Sales of 15,000 lbs new clip common and good tub washed at 20½ to 24, and superior at 25c per lb; and 10,000 lbs ¼ to ½ blood at 25 to 27c per lb, cash and short time. 25,000 lbs various grades at previous rates. In the west several purchases of prime fleeces have been made for eastern manufacturers.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull: Flour at 2s 9d per bbl; grain 9d per bushel; cotton ¼d per lb; and bark 40s per ton.

COAL FREIGHTS—There is a fair supply of vessels and prices are steady, viz: to Boston $1,75—Providence and Fall River $1,45a1,50—New York $1,10a1,15—and to Baltimore 75c per ton.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—At market, 1700 head of beef cattle, chiefly western, including 1000 taken to New York; 250 cows and calves, 650 swine and 1400 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—Dull of sale at $5a6½ the 100 lbs; 80 left over. Cows and calves sell at $15a30. Swine bring $4a5 the 100 lbs. Sheep and lambs range at $1a3½ each. Hay is without alteration; good timothy sells as wanted at 70a80c the cwt; and straw at 65a7 the 100 bundles.

Baltimore, June 19.—Beef cattle—At the scales on Monday, there were 274 head of beef cattle offered, of which 200 were sold to city butchers at prices ranging from $2 to 3,62½ per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $4a7 nett; average of the sales $3,25. The balance (74 head) were left over unsold. Hogs—We notice sales at $4,50 to 4,87½ per 100 lbs.

Richmond, June 18.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $4,75a3,00; nett $5,50a8, according to quality. Mutton—$1,75a2,50, according to quality. Lambs $1,50a2,00, according to qualty. Veals $4,50a8, according to quality.

SALES OF STOCKS.

510 shares Beaver Meadow R. R.		17a17½
10 do.	Lehigh Stock,	21
10 do.	United States Bank,	4½
10 do.	Girard Bank,	10½
30 do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,	43a43½
10 do.	Kensington Bank,	54½
10 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	23¼
4 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	107
4 do.	Commercial Bank,	49¼
3 do.	North America Bank,	403
$5000 State 5's, b5,		70
$2000 State 5's, wn,		7
$5000 State 5's, b5,		70
$5000 State 5's, b5,		70

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 16th to the 22d June.

June 16, received from

P. Lemon	$6 00	C. D. Brent	2 00
W. S. Whiteman	2 00	G. S. Gurley	2 00
S. D. P. & Co., Kty.	5 00	N. S. Sneed	2 00
L. S. Vansant	2 00	P. W. Platt	2 00
J. Hussey	2 00	G. W. Lewis	5 00
J. Baker	11 25	Dr. C. B. Lord	2 00
O. Cressman	1 00	S. R. Bisbee	2 00
J. S. Hunter	10 00	D. R. Hart	3 00
J. French	2 00	C. P. Bland	2 00
D. D. Jones	20 00	C. R. Curtis	2 00
L. T. Partlow	4 00		
June 17.			
W. H. Pearce	10 00	J. McClure	2 00
F. A. Zuzman	6 00	D. W. Grimes	2 00
P. F. Maus	10 00	M. B. Sloan	7 00
T. Jones, Jr.	2 00	T. B. Smart	2 00
J. E. Dunning	4 00	S. W. Blawner	15 00
A. P. Spalding	2 00	C. S. Carter	2 00
W. Kemp	4 00	D. R. Snyder	2 00
J. Sliffer	2 00	J. S. Petton	2 00
J. Clayton	2 00	C. B. Porter	2 00
B. S. Bruner	5 00	D. B. Wallace	3 00
L. O. Allen	2 00		
June 18.			
H. Wickwire	3 00	N. G. Bacon	2 00
S. B. Titus	1 00	G. W. Lecsen	2 00
P. Place	5 00	R. D. Smith	3 00
C. Beardsley	2 00	C. W. Shepherd	2 00
H. C. Blamer	2 00	D. W. White	2 00
A. Birch	2 00	N. P. Leeds	2 00
W. H. Naff	42 50	G. S. McConnell	3 00
T. P. Norton	2 00	Miss C. Murray	2 00
J. S. Ashton	2 00	C. P. Jones	2 00
B. B. Colin	2 00	D. R. Davison	10 00
S. N. Myers	10 00	P. S. Clinton	2 00
C. W. David	2 00	B. D. Power	2 00
S. R. Baker	2 00		
June 19.			
G. Shuman	2 00	Mrs. C. Edwards	2 00
H. Lowe	2 00	C. H. Stone	2 00
N. A. W. Williamson	2 00	G. Colin	2 00
W. F. Stoner	2 00	B. Taylor	2 00
Mrs. L. Bump	2 00	W. S. Patton	6 00
R. Beardsley	5 00	W. M. Millan	2 00
W. F. Stone	5 00	G. R. Barber	20 00
P. Barker	1 00	L. D. Simpson	15 00
J. Streeter	2 00	M. P. Wright	2 00
A. L. Platt	2 00	D. D. Shaw	2 00
J. M. Young	2 00	L. C. Bardeen	2 00
T. Soden	2 00	C. D. Shelton	10 00
E. A. Horton	2 00	W. L. Sorrel	2 00
June 20.			
Mrs. E. Vickers	1 66	P. L. Weaver	2 00
C. L. Hawley	5 00	N. P. Amos	2 00
H. H. Dodge	4 00	L. W. Comly	2 00
D. Cady	2 00	G. S. Turner	5 00
J. V. Hegeman	4 00	L. P. Lewis	2 00
J. M. Moseley	2 00	W. A. Read	2 00
E. Bassett	2 00	B. S. Scott	4 00
B. Z. Corbin	10 00	W. S. Lane	2 00
G. W. Jacoby	1 00	C. W. Smoot	2 00
J. Smith	1 00	W. T. Paul	3 00
G. S. Harper	4 00	N. D. Hastings	2 00
B. S. Benson	3 00	C. S. Sloan	5 00
June 22.			
W. Neal	1 00	W. T. Sherwell	2 00
R. Owen	2 00	J. McCurry	15 00
A. B. Jacobs	2 00	J. W. King	4 00
R. Titus	2 00	J. J. S. Hassler	4 00
C. Crafts	2 50	B. W. Horton	1 00
G. Galloway	2 00	W. S. Pilling	2 00
A. Levi	2 00	N. G. Greene	2 00
F. W. Nye	10 00	G. S. Towne	2 00
J. Brown	5 00	W. S. Barlow	10 00
Miss E. A. Hunt	2 00	S. C. Plympton	2 00
H. Chase, Esq.	2 00	B. R. Archer	2 00
Dr. L. G. Jones	5 00	Miss C. C. Jones	2 00

BOWEL COMPLAINTS occur more frequently during the summer months than at any other period, because at this season of the year, the system being debilitated, digestion is not sufficiently active to dispose of the food before it becomes putrified; hence a peculiar acid is generated in the stomach, which is the cause of those horrid diseases called dysentery, cholera morbus, inflammation of the bowels, &c. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are a natural remedy, and therefore are a certain cure for all the above complaints, because they cleanse the stomach and bowels from those putrid humors which are the cause of the above distressing complaints. They also aid and improve digestion and purify the blood, consequently, as they remove the *cause* of every form of disease, it is absolutely impossible for them to fail in making a perfect cure of dysentery, cholera morbus, inflammation of the bowels, &c.

CAUTION.—It should be remembered that Mr. Samuel Reed, of Baltimore, Mr. John Dickson, of Easton, Pa., and Messrs. Browning and Brothers, of Philadelphia, are not agents of ours, and as they purchase no Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills at our office, *we cannot guarantee any medicine they may have for sale.*

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the OFFICE and General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philada. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Offices, for the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 RACE STREET, Philadelphia.

FEVER AND AGUE.—*Dr. Rose's Tonic Mixture* is a never failing remedy for Fever and Ague, the first instance of its not curing is yet to be made known. For sale, wholesale or retail, at Dr. Rose's Laboratory, No. 18 South Eighth street, Philada. je 13 3t

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, though not recommended as a universal "cure-all," have nevertheless proved superior to everything of the kind, especially in Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia; and when used in conjunction with his Tonic Vermifuge, will not fail one time in a hundred of effecting a permanent cure. For sale at No. 8 South Third street. je 12 3t

HEALTH OFFICE, JUNE 20, 1846.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 13th to the 20th June.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess,	1	0	Brought over,	26	49
Asphyxia,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	2
Cancer,	1	0	——Lungs,	2	1
Congestion of the Lungs,	0	1	——Stomach and Bowels,	3	1
Cholera Infantum,	0	17	——Throat,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	10	6	——Heart,	0	1
Concussion of the Brain,	1	0	——Liver,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	4	Intemperance,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	0	3	Inanition,	1	0
Dropsy,	2	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
——Head,	0	5	Marasmus,	0	4
——Breast,	0	1	Mortification of the Bowels,	0	2
Disease of Brain,	2	2	Old Age,	8	0
——Heart,	1	0	Palsy,	3	0
——Lungs,	1	0	Poisoning,	1	0
——Liver,	1	0	Softening of Brain,	1	0
Drowned,	1	1	Small Pox,	0	2
Dysentery,	1	1	Still Born,	0	6
Debility,	1	2	Suicide,	1	0
Effusion on Lungs,	1	0	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
Fever, Remittent,	0	2	Teething,	0	1
——Scarlet,	0	4	Unknown,	1	1
Hæmorrhage from Lungs,	1	0			
Carried over,	26	49	Total,	118—46	72

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 0 from the country, and 20 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 14,	65	69	72
15,	71	76	81
16,	75	82	85
17,	65	75	80
18,	68	78	84
19,	76	84	89
20,	75	82	74

REFORMED PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

DR. ROSE, during a practice of twenty six years in this city, seeing the rise and downfall of the various systems in medicine, made important improvements upon the old practice, which in his hands has superseded Hydropathy, Homœopathy, and all other systems. His remedies now in general use having met with such success, as to render it necessary for the enlargement of his Laboratory and Offices, for the accommodation of the increased applications to him for advice.

Dr. Rose's Prophylactic Syrup or Panacea, for the cure of all Cutaneous Diseases, Impurity of Blood, Ulcers, Cancers, Scrofula, Consumption, &c.

Dr. Rose's Cough Syrup, for Coughs, Colds, Irritation of the Throat and Lungs, is superior to all other preparations for Coughs and Colds.

Dr. Rose's Croup or Hive Syrup invariably succeeding in removing Croup or Hives, without straining children by vomiting, as most other preparations for Croup do.

Dr. Rose's Astringent Compound for spitting blood—this compound requires no comment; its effect in arresting Hæmorrhage is instantaneous.

Dr. Rose's Tonic Mixture, for Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever and Debility. This mixture has never failed in curing *Fever and Ague*, Bilious Fever, or in removing Debility.

Dr. Rose's Syrup for Cholera and Bowel Complaint. During the summer months, as these diseases prevail among children, we consider it incumbent to let the public know where a specific can be had. In 1832, when our city was scourged with cholera, this remedy succeeded in 148 out of 152 cases.

Dr. Rose's Tonic Alterative Vegetable Pills. As a general family medicine, these Pills stand pre-eminent. Where they have been used they are not thrown aside for any other purgative medicine to cleanse and purify the body, their equal has never been known. An eminent Druggist of this city declared them to be very superior, and offered to purchase the receipt for making them.

The above, and many other valuable remedies, compounded under the immediate superintendance of Dr. Rose at his Laboratory, can be had Wholesale or Retail, at No. 18 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

All orders from abroad punctually attended to, and liberal discount allowed.

Dr. Rose may be consulted at his office connected with the Laboratory, from 10 o'clock in the morning. Advice given to the poor gratis.

J. S. McMULLIN, General Agent,
je27-3m* No. 18 South Eighth Street.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. OI MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

ALMANAC.

June, 1846.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
27 SATURDAY,	4 35	7 25	4 27	
28 SUNDAY,	4 36	7 24	5 9	D. H. M.
29 MONDAY,	4 36	7 24	5 38	
30 TUESDAY,	4 35	7 24	6 17	
1 WEDNESDAY,	4 36	7 24	7 4	First 2 12 39
2 THURSDAY,	4 37	7 23	8 28	Full 9 10 35
3 FRIDAY,	4 37	7 23	9 24	Last 18 1 37
4 SATURDAY,	4 37	7 23	10 41	New 23 12 47

Married,

On the 23d instant, by the Reverend Mr. Keller, Mr. GEORGE MCCUNE, to Miss MARGARET MCCREDY, all of this city.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev James R. Keiser, of New Germantown, N. J., HENRY R. COWELL, to MARTHA, daughter of the late Robert Murphey, of this city.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, WM. E. ALLEN, of Fredericksburg, Va. to Miss MARY E. ACKLEY, of Camden, N. J.

On the 22d inst. at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. C. J. Carter, HIRAM PATTERSON, to MARTHA, daughter of A. Dychet, both of this city.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Samuel Nightingale, at the dwelling of Mr. James Dunlap, Mr. GEORGE HART, to Miss SARAH CORNELL, all of Doylestown, Bucks county.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Wm. Barns, Mr. GEO. W. OSWILL, to Miss MARY ANN DERRICKSON, both of Philadelphia.

In this city, on the 22d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Samson, of Nashua, N. H., EDWIN SAMSON, Esq. of Boston, (firm of Twombly & Samson,) to Miss MARY, eldest daughter of Dr. Paul Swift, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Thomas H. Quinan, CHARLES LANCASTER, to MARGARET O'SHEA, both of Philadelphia.

On the 21st inst. by the same, WM. JERREAD, to MARTHA WILSON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 18th instant, by John Swift, Mayor, MARSHALL GARRIGUES, to ELIZA A. ARMBRUSTER, both of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Carter, BERNARD MCCANN, Jr. to CATHARINE, daughter of Mr. I. Jones, all of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. EDWARD S. JONES, to Miss MARTHA M. LEWIS, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, June 18th, by the Rev. John Chambers, CRISPIN TAYLOR, to MARTHA TYSON, all of this city.

On the 12th inst. by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of the Mayor, SAMUEL PRICE, of Philadelphia, to MARGARETTA H. STEVENSON, of Salem, N. J.

Died,

On the 24th instant, NATHANIEL, son of Vanroen and Abigail Cafferty.

On the 23d inst. Mrs. JEMIMA CROTHERS, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 22d inst. DANIEL J. ROBERTS, in the 68th year of his age.

On the 22d inst. MARY L. LYE, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 23d inst. Mrs. SARAH THOMAS, in the 49th year of her age.

On the 22d inst. Mr. JOHN LINERD, in the 83d year of his age.

On the 22d inst. ELIZABETH, widow of the late John P. Meyers, in the 67th year of her age.

On the 22d inst. CAROLINE ELIZABETH, only daughter of Samuel and Susan Kimber, in the 5th year of her age.

At St. Augustine, Fla. on the 10th inst. Mr. PETER R. WALKER, engineer, of Philadelphia.

Suddenly, on the 22d inst. Mr. SAMSON BABB, in the 61st year of his age.

On first day afternoon, REBECCA, wife of David Jones, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 17th instant, ROBERT HARE, Jr. Counsellor at Law, in the 42d year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Mr. JAMES VANDERVEER, formerly of Morristown, N. J. in the 28th year of his age.

In Baltimore, on the 19th inst. in the 67th year of his age, Mr. GEORGE MORRIS, a native of Kilmarnock, Scotland, for many years a merchant of Philadelphia.

On the 20th inst. in the 91st year of her age, HANNAH WARDER, relict of the late Jeremiah Warder, merchant, of this city.

On the 21st inst. W. BARRINGTON, daughter of Dr. S. Murphey, aged 4 weeks.

On the 21st inst. Mr. JOHN MCVEY, aged 30 years.

On the 20th inst. MARY CATHARINE, daughter of W. B. and Elizabeth Trout, aged 8 months.

On the 21st inst. JOHN SHULER, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. THOMAS MULHOLLAND, only son of Michael and Hannah Mulholland, aged 6 years and 4 months.

On the 21st inst. ALFRED MORTON, aged 33 years.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. RACHEL, wife of Webster Husted, aged 40 years.

On the 21st inst. ROBERT WATKIN, son of John U. and Amelia Giller, in the 2d year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. MARTHA MOORE, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 20th inst. Mr. CHARLES KOCHERSPERGER, Sr. in the 47th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. MARGARET MAWLEY, in the 44th year of her age.

On the 21st inst. CECILIA, daughter of Albert and Rosanna James, aged 3 years, 11 months and 19th days.

On the 21st inst. CHARLES ELLIS, infant son of Henry H. and Catharine Kelley, aged 10 months and 21 days.

On the 19th inst. WM. TURNER, aged 25 years.

On the 19th inst. JOHN PILSON, aged 3 months and 2 days, son of Thomas and Jane Pilson.

On the 19th inst. JOHN CARROLL, aged 21 years and 4 months.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of Mr. Geo. Hopple, in the 21st year of her age; also, JOSEPH BUD, their infant son, aged 7 months.

Suddenly, on the 17th inst. on an excursion to the Wissahicon, MARTHA, daughter of James and Phoebe Weth man, in her 12th year.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. MARGARET MATHEYS, relict of the late Wm. Matheys.

On the 19th inst. CHARLES RANDOLPH, aged 9 years, son of Josiah S. Rowand.

On the 18th inst. ELLEN WILLIAMSON, aged 28 years.

At Manayunk, on the 19th inst. Miss ANN VAUGHAN, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 19th inst. Mr. JOHN BARWICK, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 19th inst. Mr. JOHN HILT, Sr. in his 89th year, a soldier of the Revolution.

On 6th-day, 18th inst. JANE M. BARNES, in the 32d year of her age.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS,

No. 13 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 27, 1846.

PENNSYLVANIA.		VERMONT.	
Philadelphia banks	par	Bank of St. Albans	1½ dis
U. S. Bank notes	25 dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Girard do.	par	CONNECTICUT.	
Chambersburg	1 dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
York	1 dis	MASSACHUSETTS.	
Berks county	no sale	All solvent banks	½ dis
Gettysburg	1 dis	RHODE ISLAND.	
Carlisle	1 dis	Pascoag Bank	10 dis
Lewistown	1½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Brownsville	1½ dis	CANADA.	
Pittsburg	1 dis	Montreal	4 dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis	VIRGINIA.	
Washington	1½ dis	Bk. of Va. & branch's	1½ dis
Erie	1½ dis	Far. Bk. and branch's	do dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis	Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Lebanon	2 dis	Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Lehigh county bank	1½ dis	Wheeling	do dis
Towanda		NORTH CAROLINA.	
Honesdale	1 dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Harrisburg	1 dis	Small notes	2½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Wyoming	1½ dis	So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Northampton	no sale	Small notes	2 dis
Pottsville	par	GEORGIA.	
Relief notes	1½ dis	Bank of St. Mary's	2 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Central Bank of Mill.	2 dis
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par	Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Plainfield	1 dis	Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	——
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'th Amboy	½ dis	All solvent banks	2 dis
		Small notes	2 dis
		ALABAMA.	
		Bank of Mobile	1½ dis
		Country Banks	4a5 dis
		MISSISSIPPI.	
		All banks	unc
		LOUISIANA.	
		All solvent banks	1½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis	FLORIDA.	
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis	So. Life & Trust Co.	——
DELAWARE.		OHIO.	
All solvent banks	par	Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
MARYLAND.		All solvent banks	2½ dis
Baltimore banks	½ dis	Small Notes	3 dis
Mineral bank	1 dis	KENTUCKY.	
Salisbury	2½ dis	Notes	1½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis	Small notes	2½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis	INDIANA.	
Washington county	1 dis	State Bank	2½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis	ILLINOIS.	
Far and Millers bk.	20 dis	Bank of Illinois	75 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		State Bank	70 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis	Bank of Cairo	——
NEW YORK.		MISSOURI.	
City banks	½ dis	All solvent banks	2 dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis	TENNESSEE.	
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis	All solvent banks	2½ dis
Lewis Co. Bank,	30 dis	MICHIGAN.	
Far. & Drovers'	30 dis	Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
White Plains Bk.		Farmers' and Mech's	70 dis
Tonawanda	50 dis	ARKANSAS.	
Clinton county	2 dis	All banks	60 dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	2 dis	WISCONSIN.	
Com. Bk. Oswego	2 dis	Mineral Point	——
Oswego Bank	30 dis	Bank of Milwaukie	——
Millers', Clyde	15 dis	IOWA.	
Country banks	½ dis	Miners' Bank	——
MAINE.		NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis

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UMBRELLAS CHEAP.

SLEEPER & FENNER,

MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, AND SUN SHADES,

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SOUTH SIDE, BELOW FOURTH, PHILADELPHIA,

Invite the attention of Merchants and Manufacturers to their very Extensive, Elegant, New Stock, prepared with great care, and offered

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The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the Lowest Price for Cash, and realising their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

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NEW PROSPECTUS, 1846.

THE SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

FORMERLY

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

The publishers of the Saturday Evening Post offer a new prospectus to their friends and the public. In this day of newspaper enterprise they are determined to maintain their old reputation, and *keep ahead of all competitors!* For quarter of a century the "Post" has been the most durably popular of the weekly newspapers; and if capital, enterprise, and a host of writers, can effect their aim, the publishers are resolved that the "Post" shall still lead "the field."

A PERFECT MAGAZINE.

Owing to the large size of the paper, we are enabled to publish, weekly, as much matter as is contained in any one number of the monthly magazines: so that, for less money, the subscriber yearly obtains four times as much reading. Besides this, numerous illustrations, engraved by competent artists, will, hereafter, frequently grace our columns, rendering "The Post," in all respects equal, and in many respects superior to the best magazine!

ORIGINAL TALES.

Every week, one or more original tales of the first *American* writers, grace the columns of this paper. We eschew the common practice of copying stories from foreign magazines, except in rare instances: pictures of American life, and the romance of American history, told by competent American writers, are what the readers of this country require. Our aim, however, shall not be confined to this point alone. To make the Post a useful as well as a pleasant companion, it will have a thorough

NEWS DEPARTMENT,

which shall contain the latest intelligence, comprising a Washington Letter, News from New York, General News, Foreign News, Monthly Letters from England, &c. &c. Together with all Important Public Documents in full; and occasional Reports of Important Congressional Debates. Also Reports of such of the Public Lectures, for which Philadelphia is famous, as may interest our readers. Everything, in short, suited for a Family Paper will be found in the Post.

AGRICULTURAL.

As many farmers do not take an Agricultural Paper, it shall hereafter be a part of our plan to give full and late intelligence on Agricultural Matters:—viz., New Discoveries, New Manures, Remarks on Soils, &c., &c. This department will be very complete. Full and accurate *Reports of the Markets* will also be found in every number.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The great size of our sheet enables us, not only to be a Family Paper, but to devote some space especially, each week, to the Ladies' Department, in which all matters interesting to the sex will be noticed, including The Fashions, New Receipts, &c., &c.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A department, under this head, will be devoted to Enigmas, Charades, Rebuses, Puzzles, Arithmetical Questions, and other like matters, interesting to adults as well as to the young.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

A series of Letters from J. BAYARD TAYLOR, the printer poet, now on a pedestrian tour through Europe, are being published in the "POST." These letters have attracted great attention, and are said to be the best since the celebrated letters of Brooks.

In political intelligence we recognise only one party—and that is

OUR COUNTRY—OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no sectarianism in our religion.

EARLIEST AND BEST.

As it is important to have the *latest* news, our columns will always be found the freshest in this respect of any cotemporary. In literature also, we shall possess great facilities for giving novelties!

HUMOROUS ARTICLES.

A good laugh is better than a pound of medicine; and the "POST" will give *original* humorous sketches, a weekly melange of fun, choice scraps of humor, witticisms, &c., &c. Our dish will always be a merry one, let the world wag as it may! In a word, we shall still remain

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND;

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CITIZENS OF NEW JERSEY.—It becomes my painful duty to inform you that in consequence of the great and increasing demand for WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, which has been the result of their extraordinary goodness, a host of unprincipled persons have entered into a most wicked conspiracy to defraud the public, and at the same time to destroy the fame of the above wonderful medicine, by selling to the unsuspecting a spurious article for the genuine.

The method by which the counterfeiter is enabled to accomplish his purpose is to sell, at greatly reduced prices, his vile trash to such druggists as can be prevailed upon to purchase. These again sell the spurious article to *their* customers in the country, and thus it often happens that respectable druggists become participators, though perhaps innocently, in the horrid crime of counterfeiting.

As a case in point, it is only necessary to state, that a short time since, one of our travellers, in passing through New Jersey, found in the hands of many of the country merchants, large quantities of medicine, purporting to be Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which, according to testimony in my possession, were purchased from Messrs. Browning & Brothers, of Philadelphia.

Now these Pills, I beg leave to assure the public, were not manufactured at our establishment, and that my name has been affixed to them without the slightest authority whatever from me. This explanation is due to those who are in the habit of using Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, in order to account for the want of efficacy, and other consequences which may follow the use of a counterfeit article.

Messrs. Browning & Brothers may have purchased and sold a spurious article, without knowing positively that it was a counterfeit. But it should be remembered that those who use Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills do so in the full belief that they are manufactured by me, and consequently hold *me* responsible for the effects of such medicine. Now I ask is it just that the public should be deceived, or that I should be held accountable for the effects of pills which not only are not mine, but were manufactured and sold to druggists by irresponsible and notorious counterfeiters.

The public, who always judge rightly, will see the necessity of exercising the greatest caution in purchasing Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. They will understand that it is important not only to examine the boxes with the greatest care, but to question those who offer them for sale, with the most searching minuteness; and if it should appear that the Pills were not received from our office, that they should be shunned as entirely unworthy of confidence.

Although as a general rule druggists cannot be depended on as having the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, yet I am happy to state there are some highly honorable exceptions. Among those who stand foremost in integrity and honor, it gives me pleasure to name Dr. N. B. Leidy, corner of Second and Vine streets; Messrs. Ritter, Cotterell & Ritter, corner of Third and Branch streets, Philadelphia; and doubtless many others with whom I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance, from whom the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills can always with certainty be obtained. Dr. T. W. Dyott & Son also purchase their Pills at our office, and can therefore be depended on as having the genuine article for sale.

We wish it distinctly understood, however, that Messrs. Browning & Brothers, of Philadelphia, are not agents of ours, and have no authority whatever from us for selling Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and as said Messrs. B. & B. do not purchase their Pills at our office that I cannot guaranty as genuine any they may sell.

The only certainty of getting genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, is to purchase from regularly advertised agents, or at the offices, No. 169 Race st., Phila.; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont st., Boston. (ap 25-3m) W. W.

EUTAW HOUSE, BALTIMORE.

THIS SPLENDID HOTEL HAS BEEN LATELY refitted and furnished in the most complete and elegant manner, by Messrs. JACKSON & CRANSTON, and, after the 30th April, when it opens to the public, will be ready for the reception of guests. The experience of Mr. Cranston as host of the Rockaway Pavilion, and of Mr. Jackson, at the Exchange Hotel, Baltimore, and the Astor House, New York, is a guarantee of the style in which the "EUTAW" will be kept. The location is the best in the city of Baltimore.

☞ The PAVILION, at Rockaway, L. I., will remain under the charge of Mr. Cranston, who, during the summer months, will be happy to see his old friends at this favorite watering place. my 16 3m

RESUMED

JOHN B. STRYKER,

Of the late firms of Newbold & Stryker, and Stryker & Pogue, has resumed

THE WHOLESALE DRY GOODS BUSINESS,

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Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cents to $3, Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cents, patent, 18¾, lunet 25, other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

feb 28 10m O. CONRAD

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, viz:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules, on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE VALUE OF THIS PREPARATION IS now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is not local in its operation, but general, extending through the whole system. It neutralizes the poisonous elements in the blood and restores a healthy tone to the organs which generate that fluid. It is put up in a highly concentrated form for convenience and portability, and when diluted according to the directions, each bottle will make six times the quantity, equal to one quart, and is then superior in medicinal value to the various preparations bearing the name. The proprietors are almost daily receiving testimonials of the most respectable character, testifying to its great value as an active and curative medicine.

The following letter, recently received by the proprietors of this invaluable medicine, will be read with interest by all similarly afflicted:

NEW YORK, April 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands. Gentlemen: Feeling it a duty due to you and to the community at large, I send you the certificate of the all-healing virtues of your Sarsaparilla, that others who are now suffering may have their confidence established and use your medicine without delay.

I was troubled with a severe ulcer on my ankle, which extended half way up to the knee, discharging very offensive matter, itching, burning, and depriving me often of my rest at night, and very painful to bear.

I was recommended to use your Sarsaparilla by Mr. James McConnell, who had been cured by it, and after using five bottles I was completely cured.

I have delayed sending you this certificate for one year since the cure was effected, in order to ascertain with certainty whether it was a permanent cure, and it now gives me the greatest pleasure to add that I have neither seen nor felt the slightest re-appearance of it, and that I am entirely well. Yours very truly,

SARAH M'INTYRE, 240 Delancy street, N. Y.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists 100 Fulton St., corner of William, N. York.

Sold also by S. P. Thomson, Philadelphia, Duval & Purcell, Richmond, Va.; Haviland, Harral & Allen, Charleston, S. C.; Mosely & Tucker, Mobile, Ala.; Stebble & Co., New Orleans, La.; W. H. Fox, Natchez, Miss.; J. B. Wilder & Co., Louisville, Ky.; O. F. Thomas, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. & J. Adams, St. Louis, Mo.; L. Wilcox, Pittsburg, Penna., and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5. my 2-3m

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of the monthly parts were disposed of during the first year of its publication. In the United States, the work has acquired great popularity, and since the commencement of this re-issue, the demand for each succeeding No. has increased with unparalleled rapidity, so that a second, third, and even fourth edition of the early numbers has been called for. It is universally acknowledged to be the most valuable and entertaining family work, for all classes, which has ever been published. The original cost of the Stereotyping and Engraving to the London publishers was $25,000. The American Re-issue is printed on good paper, and well done up in handsome paper covers, and issued in

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NO. 76 SOUTH THIRD STREET, opposite the Philadelphia Exchange and Post Office, manufacture constantly their Patent Salamander Fire and Thief Proof Chests, lined with Soap-stone, Isinglass, &c., which they will warrant to stand more fire than any Chests made in the United States, a trial of which we hold ourselves ready at all times against any made in the world. We also make Salamanders lined in the usual way, which are sold cheaper than those lined with soapstone. We still continue to make our celebrated Air Chamber Chests, which have never yet been robbed or picked. All the above Chests are made for the protection of books, papers, deeds, mortgages, silver plate, jewelry, gold, silver, &c., made in all instances without wood or plank; as 75 out of every 100 Fire Proof Chests now in use, are made.

The public may rest assured of getting an article at our store which they can depend upon, having first rate locks of our own manufacture with D. Evans' Patent Covers over the keyhole, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the Summer of 1842, and all the keys were at liberty to be used—the Chest was not opened at the time, and at least 1500 persons tried the experiment. And have never yet been robbed, though often tried.

References to a few gentlemen who have exchanged with us and now have our Chests in use.

N. & G. Taylor, 129 north Third street.

Alexander Carver, Conveyancer, corner of Filbert and Ninth streets.

John M. Ford, 32 north Third street.

Miers Bush, 20 north Third street.

Bailey & Brother, 138 Market street.

A. Wright & Nephew, Vine street wharf.

James W. Paul, 101 south Fourth street.

Dr. Jayne, 8 south Third street.

Mr. Patterson, Navy Agent.

And we have about 450 others in use to the satisfaction of those who purchased them.

N. B. We take all second hand Chests in exchange, and always have some on hand for sale very cheap of that kind.

All persons in want are requested to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Patent Slate Refrigerators, Water Filterers, Coolers, Seal and Letter Copying Presses, Hoisting Machines, Plain and Ornamental Iron Railing, Trucks for Stores, Superior Patent Locks, Fire Proof Doors for Banks, Stores, &c.

N. B. A liberal deduction will be made on any of the above articles purchased to be sold again.

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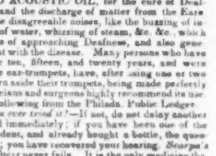

DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear-trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger.

"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."

The Editor of the Philadelphia Forum thus speaks of the medicine.

"*Valuable Article.*—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil is said by those who have had occasion to use it, to be an excellent medicine in cases of deafness arising from colds or other causes. We know a young lady who not long since was almost immediately relieved by it, and the certificate of Mr. Daniel Graeff is an unanswerable testimony of its efficacy."

And again from the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

"*Important for the Deaf.*—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness.* We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and of course know its value."

Here is something worth attending to, coming, as it does, from a man so extensively known as is Mr. Graeff, both in the city and country:

"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, like ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given, by calling on me at 45½ North Fifth street, near Race.

Philada., Nov. 11, 1843." DANIEL GRAEFF.

READ WHAT SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL HAS DONE!!!—The greatest cure ever yet performed by any medicine. It never fails!

From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.

West Troy, June 3, 1844.

This is to certify that I, Willard Jones, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been afflicted with deafness in one ear for the last twenty years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest voice, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of Deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and I will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in any case, at my place, in West Troy.

mar 8 eowtf WILLARD JONES.

A great number of certificates and other testimonials may be seen by calling at Dr. D. Jayne's, No. 20 South Third street, or B. B. Gumpert, No. 120 North Second street, Philadelphia, where the medicine is for sale, whole sale or retail. Also at A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York; Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover streets, Boston, Mass.; G. L. Duhurst, Baltimore, Md.; P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston, S. C.; Stebbins & Co., New Orleans, La.; B. F. Ells, Dayton, Ohio; J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. & J. Adams, St. Louis, Mo.; A. Carter, Portland, Me.; W. F. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.; W. K. Kitchen, Augusta, Ga.; A. Jayne's, Pittsburg, Pa.; Tomlinson & Brothers, Indianapolis, Ind.; and in most of the principal cities in the United States.

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Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 10-6m ANDREW S. CHAMBERS.

Original Poetry.

THE STREAMLET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ANNE M. H. GAFFNEY.

Gushing from the earth
The babbling streamlet flows,
And sports, and gurgles on,
Where many a blossom grows.

In places it appears,
Like a tiny silver thread
Thrown o'er the velvet turf
Of nature's emerald bed.

And then it breaks its bonds,
And forms a little lake,
Whose pretty rippling waves
Sweet murmuring music make.

And so it flows along,
And only stops its course
To pour its liquid treasure,
Into its ocean source.

And thus we often meet
With those who wend their way,
Through the pathways of the world,
With a heart that's ever gay.

Whose spotless innocence
Sheds a lustre o'er their life,
And guards them from earth's snares,
Its misery, and its strife.

And like the gentle streamlet
Their course is calm and bright,
Until they join in Heaven,
The Fountain Head of Light.

Bowl of Fun.

THE MENAGERIE.

BY MRS. FARNHAM.

[We favored our readers, a short time ago, with some extracts from Mrs. Farnham's "Life in Prairie Land," and now present them with a sketch of a different character, taken from the same work. It is only necessary to premise, that the account is of an exhibition of the "Zoological Institute and Grand Corps of Equestrians," and that the "Navarino" she alludes to, was an old lady in a "capacious sugar-loaf Navarino scoop" bonnet, as singular in her dress as in her character.]

"A beautiful little brown pony trotted out into the ring, and was very soon followed by a sagacious and most respectable looking monkey in regimentals. He was introduced to the gaping multitude as Gen. Jackson, but his servility made it a poor compliment to his Roman prototype. The master of ceremonies on this occasion, as on all similar ones which I have ever witnessed, was a very tall man, in a long skirted frock-coat, and rather short trowsers. The fact is one which I would recommend to the attention of naturalists—not a little ingenuity may be exhibited in its solution. Whether it is one person who, gifted with ubiquity to a certain extent, presides over all the monkey-sides of the country, or whether there is a peculiar affinity between these animals and tall men, are questions beyond my depth. Any one who inclines to the latter supposition will please bear in mind that the principle, whatever it be, must cover the long frock-coat, the short pantaloons, and a tall seedy hat. I have never known these adjuncts fail. On the present occasion the performance was not very brilliant. The pony threw up his heels and whirled exactly with the crack of the whip, the monkey was quite as inelegant as usual in his postures, and not a whit more excited with the novelty of his Sucker audience than if he had been performing for a common New York assemblage. I did think he winked a little quicker when he faced the Navarino, but it might have been imagination. The most edifying part of the whole spectacle was the comments of my neighbor.

"'Mighty!' she exclaimed, as the pony took his place, 'what be they goin' to set on that little horse's back? That great feller ain't agoin' to mount him, I'll knock him off myself if he does. He's too long for such a powerful little beast. The great lazy ramoffin.'

"The good old lady, in her friendly zeal for the pony, forgot that the *feller* whom she was denouncing was several inches below her own stature. But while she was in the high tide of her anathema, the monkey appeared. She looked for a moment quite bewildered, and at last broke out.

"'Well, if these Yankees don't go ahead of Heaven and airth! I reckon now they made that little fixin a-purpose for that horse, but he ain't very handsome no how; he looks like a baby with his grandfather's head on. They mought a made the tail of his coat longer, and he'd looked better than he does now—but the Yankees don't care what's decent, for the young women goes with their necks bare a heap more than I ever seed anybody else.'

"Dropping the tone of soliloquy, and addressing herself to me in the most earnest manner, 'Look at them two critters,' said she, 'I s'pose they are, for they say that one that's ridin' ain't a boy, for all he looks so powerful like one. That horse'll throw him off yet, and stomp his brains in the ground if he's got any.'

"Two or three whirls of the pony wrought the old lady's sympathy and indignation to the highest pitch.

"'If everybody felt like I do they wouldn't set such a fool as that a horseback, whether he's a monkey or not. He's alive, I reckon, and that's enough to make a Christian take him off o' that critter's back, anyhow.'

"The tall man came in for his share of denunciation at every new feat which he commanded the monkey to execute, and before the three performers retired, the good old lady had denounced all Yankees and 'Yankee doin's,' for the fortieth time. A man with jeans clothes and riding-whip had watched the whole affair with such evident admiration, that the look of contempt which he remembered to assume after they retired was extremely ludicrous, and served better than a volume to reveal his whole character. But he was too remote for his comments, if he made any, to be audible to us.

"Next came Mr. Turner with his dog, and their wonderful feats drew whole volleys of exclamation from my transparent neighbor. But when the young man climbed the centre pole and suspended himself from its top by a chord around his wrists, the poor woman could restrain herself no longer.

"'Mighty Heaven!' she exclaimed, or rather shrieked, for her voice was sharpened by her excited sensibilities. 'Does the 'farnal Yankee think we come to a hangin'? I've saw one in my life, and that'll do me. But if he's a mind to hang ther he may, I won't look at him,' and the giant hat swung quickly round, facing the audience above.

"'It don't make you feel like it does me,' she remarked, touching my elbow, 'or you wouldn't look that way. I reckon you never see a real hang, did you?'

"'No.'

"'Wall, you'd never want to see another if you had, nor any such shammin' as that. 'Tain't fit for folks to look at that knows what Christians is.'

"I expressed so hearty an assent to this opinion both in relation to the real and the sham hanging, that the old lady looked earnestly at me for a moment, and then said, 'Well now, I allow you've got some Christian feelin's in you. I like to hear anybody talk like that. Come and see me. Mr. R—— will tote you and Miss Roberts up some day, and I should be mighty glad to see you, and so would my old man.'

"While this little complimentary by-play was going on, the man whom we left suspended had come down, the crowd had relieved its excited feelings by two or three hearty rounds of applause and several interchanges of opinion among themselves. I lost sight of the man with the whip, but, to my great joy, he presently appeared in our immediate vicinity. I pointed him out to my neighbor, and asked who he was?

"'Oh, that's old man C——, everybody knows him for the biggest liar ever lived in these parts. It's no account what you tell him, he'll *allurs* break up ahead on you. And one thing is strange, he allurs tells his lies as if he b'lieved them himself. He was in the *malichary* under Gineral Harrison a good many year ago, an' if they should set down together, anybody that heerd him would reckon he was the first man of the two. There ain't nothin' on airth that anybody has ever seed or know'd but what he's seed somethin' a powerful sight bigger. You'll see afore long, now he's come so nigh.'

"While my friend was thus enlightening me, the ring had been again cleared, and a springing board elevated upon two blocks placed within it. In a few minutes one of the most athletic looking riders appeared in knit garments fitting closely to his fine, muscular form, and was introduced to the audience as Mr. Sands, who was about to perform some surprising gymnastic feats.

"'I hope he won't hang himself,' said the old lady, looking earnestly at his splendid figure, 'he's too handsome, and there's been enuf of that *pizenasty* now.'

"But Mr. Sands after a few preliminary performances, to assure himself that he was all right, relieved the good woman's apprehensions by setting himself into a sort of rotary motion in the air, like a human windmill. I counted twenty-nine of these surprising aerial revolutions, and then turned away, for the spectacle grew painful.

"'He'll kill himself,' said my excitable neighbor, 'why don't they take him away? Stop him!' she screamed; 'he can't stop himself! Why don't you catch hold of his legs and arms, some of you? I could hold him myself if I was thar,' and the sympathising creature rose on her feet and stood expostulating with the heartless audience some seconds before the performance ceased; when it did, there was a great deal of confusion for a few moments, and then a shrewd neighbor, who understood the constitutional infirmities of 'Old man C——,' remarked to him.

"'Well, Mr. C——, for a Yankee boy, that was pretty fairly done, eh?'

"'Oh, I reckon it'll pass among Yankees, but it's no account among us. When we was in the army, we used to do that every day, and we had some fellers who would turn them somersets sixty feet right up a tree!'

"'What, branches and all?'

"'No; we cut away the branches of some of the trees round the camp, a purpose to have 'em ready. It's no account to do that. A right smart man would turn eighty or ninety without stoppin' to breathe; that fellow, now, is a puffin' like a beat horse.'

"'Yes, he does beat a little quicker, it's true, but we think he has done well.'

"'Oh, it's right for you that never see anything better to think so, but I've got smarter blood than that myself.'

"'Ah! how?'

"'My grandfather fit the British under *Begyne*, thar in Old Virginny; and when orders was give for every man to take care of himself, he took a knapsack from a feller that was dead close by him, and put it on him, and started. Jest as he got to the fence, a powerful, big, old nigger, that he know'd a long time, hollered to him for help, for both his legs was broke by a cannon-ball, and he allowed the Indians 'd scalp him if they got hold on him. So the old feller just throws him over the two knapsacks, and jumps the fence. But the British was most on his heels when he cleared it. He retreated *fifteen miles in sixteen minutes*, and then he come to the race-way of a mill eighteen feet wide; that he jumped, and the British halted on the other side for a raft, and so he got away.'

"'With the two knapsacks and the black man?' said the listener.

"'Yes, and the next day they weighed 'em all, and what do you reckon they all made?'

"'Two hundred pounds?'

"'Two hundred! The knapsacks weighed eighty a piece, and the old man weighed two hundred and fifty without his legs, for they cut 'em off before they weighed him.'

"'Indeed! your grandfather must have been a very powerful man, to retreat so rapidly under such an immense burthen.'

"'Yes, he was a right smart old feller; but I've seen younger men that could do more than that.'

"'Ah! and who were they?'

"'Why, 'tain't of much account for a man to brag of himself, but I've done better than that ar in my own time' (whipping his boot with his whip more vehemently than ever). 'When I was with Gin. Harrison, we wanted to make forced march once, when the roads was mighty bad, and the streams all in a fresh. So the gineral he come to me in the mornin' and said he calculated I'd be the best man to go ahead, for if anybody could do it—I could; and the men would follow me better than any other man. So jest to oblege him I started on, and told the boys to come, for I'd clar the road for 'em. We went on till after night, and it growed so cold, we thought everything would freeze up anyhow. At last we come to a stream that had ris a right smart sence morning, and left the ice under water; I halted here, and waited for the gineral to come and insult with him afore I tried it. We waited an hour, and at last the rare-guard come. I told the gineral that I reckoned we better not try it that night, but he said he wanted to git over; and he allowed I could git the boys to follow. So I never waited for him to try it agin, but I put right in, and swum my horse through, and broke the ice all the way. When I got on 'tother side I toted four or five old trees to the water, and laid 'em across myself, 'cause you see the stream was narrow, though it was right deep.

"'At last they all got across, and then we marched five miles afore the gineral would let us camp. When we come to the place, I started to git off o' my horse, and couldn't stir. I was froze fast to the saddle. It was growing colder and colder, and I didn't know what I should do. Some of the boys allowed they could warm some water, if I'd set still, and thaw me up. So they went to building fires, but I didn't want to set there and wait, and, at last I give a mighty spring that lifted the horse right off his feet, and when he come down, the ice cracked all around, and I got loose.'

"'You must have been sick after it,' said his listener, 'and so lost the battle the next day.'

"'Not a bit of it. I never was beter than I was the next day, and I'll tell you what I did. I had a boy to load my rifle, and while he was doing it I fit the Indians with a hatchet. I shot twenty-one, and ——' but here a surge of the retiring multitude took the speaker and listener beyond my hearing.

"'There,' said the old lady, who had caught the last few words; 'didn't I tell you right? He'll lie like that as long as anybody will stop to hear him, and that's a wicked man that's keepin' him again.'

"'I have heard,' I replied, 'of story tellers who would never suffer themselves to be out-done by others, but this man seems determined not to be surpassed by himself.'

"'That's jest it,' replied my friend. 'If he should ever tell so big a lie that he couldn't tell a bigger one, I reckon 'twould kill him. But I see my old man yonder waitin'. Good bye! come and see me, and tell Miss Roberts to come with you.' And with these words the old lady departed."

Household Duties.

FROM THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

THE TWO STEW-PANS.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

So my young friend Mary had again invited me to visit her at her new home. "I will go," I said, joyfully. "I desire so much to see her bright face again, and her husband too, and then to behold how becomingly she wears the honors of lady matron in her new house." In a few days matters were arranged to go; then a charming half-day's ride brought me before her door. "Surely, it is pretty here," I inwardly exclaimed; "this dear little front yard, and that white rose trained so lovingly over the window—Mary's sitting room, I suppose; and the house so white and well kept; and green blinds, so cool and shady in summer; and the front entry with simple straw carpet—it looks so pretty here; so quiet, so truly home-like," and I ran after my baggage up the flag-stones. Some one came down stairs. "Ah, Mary!" and we embraced each other. "Come directly into the sitting-room," she said, opening the west door. True enough, it is a sitting room. Behold the green and graceful drapery of the white rose before the window. She took off my bonnet, and sat me down in her own arm-chair, and then went away, but soon returned, and placed her nice fat baby in my arms. "Beautiful baby!" I exclaimed. "Ah, Mary, what a treasure!" It looked amazed at me, then smiled, and kicked about its little fat feet right lustily. "Baby knows I am its mother's friend," I said, as I kissed his rosy cheeks with cordial good will. Then came Mary's husband. He is a favorite of mine—so kind and sensible; he is quite business-like in his manners, with a heart brim-full of friendliness. If you ever feel like asking a favor, go to him, Mary's husband. Supper followed, and a merrier three never sat over a cup of tea. These nice white cakes, and this delicious raspberry! These could only come from a skilful hand! Mary laughed, and her husband seemed to enjoy them anew through me. Then we went into the little garden and sat awhile on the beautiful piazza; then explored the chambers, and looked at this prospect and that, the baby every where accompanying us in his father's arms. Everything was in keeping; everything pleasing and tasteful—everything which I saw, at least. Then we walked out to take a bird's eye view of the village from a hill hard by. Everything pleased me. "So, then, Mary does finely, after all," I reflected, after retiring to rest. "I knew she would; how beautiful it is to see two young people beginning life together. How fresh is everything. Yes, and how easy and clean, and how easy to *keep clean*;" and my mind unceremoniously wandered from the romance of a young wedded couple to the difficulty of keeping an old house clean.

I had not been here many days before I began to suspect, then to fear, that Mary was not so happy as she had at first seemed, or as happy as she ought to be, with so much about her to make happiness. "What is this?" I anxiously asked.

We are going to ride. The chaise arrived, and the husband jumped out, and as he came in, said,

"Mary, is my coat mended? I must wear that, I believe. You remember the one I spoke about a week ago, and then showed to you again yesterday."

"Oh, no! it is not done!" cried Mary, from upstairs. "I will do it now; but no, I am not dressed yet myself; and she ran from this drawer to that, quite hurriedly. One finds so much to do in housekeeping," she said to me apologetically, and withal, pettishly.

One day Mary promised us an apple-pudding, made her new way, with potatoes in the flour. It was an especial favorite of ours, her husband and myself. "Your pudding, Mary," I suggested, taking advantage of our friendship, as we sat together in the forenoon. "Yes, I know it; I am just going." Then she began to tell a story, then placed a plate of cakes before me, then—she was doing nothing; there lay the baby frolicking on the floor. "The pudding, Mary," I said to myself; it will not be done; then what will Mr. B—— say?" Ah! I well knew what husbands sometimes thought and said at a half cooked dinner. "The pudding," I was nearly ejaculating a third time, when Mary concluded to go about it. Dinner came; the meat, then pudding. It looked plump and round. She cut it; a large slice laid on the plate; but alas! the crust inside was still dough! We took it in silence. "The apple, perhaps, will be nice;" but no, it was not, and uncooked! "This business you ought to attend to," said the husband, in a tone which was not to be gainsayed.

"I never could make puddings," declared Mary, blushing and mortified.

By and bye Mary became more confidential. "How I dread going into that hot kitchen to make pies! How I hate scalding my preserves; it is so troublesome! There are so many disagreeable things to do in housekeeping," she declared once and again.

"Some how or other I do not seem to get along very well in housekeeping," she said to me, sadly, one day. "I know James is not satisfied; you know his mother was an excellent housekeeper—there are so many disagreeables."

"Pray, what, Mary?" I asked kindly.

"Oh, so many! making bread, filling lamps, and washing potatoes, if one's alone; then one's hands—I don't think I am fit for it, at all." Tears came in her eyes. Poor Mary!

"In what respects do you think you are not fit for it?" I asked. "Let us look into it, Mary. There is so much time for you to learn."

"I don't know as there is," she replied. "I have no *tact* for housekeeping; nothing is ever done, James says," and she seemed perplexed and sorrowful. "Can you give me a few ideas?" she asked, looking up with that childlike confidence so natural to her.

"Perhaps I can, Mary; will you listen and profit?" I asked, seriously, for I beheld breakers ahead.

"Mary, the time was when household duties were all new to me; nay, all distasteful. Unaccustomed to them, and unskilled in them, I shrunk from them, dreading and avoiding them. I wept over them, too, in very bitterness of soul. My domestics left me, as every New England house-keeper knows how unceremoniously they sometimes will, and I was sole mistress of my kitchen, pantry, sink, cooking stove, and all. What shall I do? was the pitiful cry. I contrived to get along easy, any way, sobeit I could get earlier released from active household duty; in a word, Mary, I was a shirk! My husband, punctual, exact, and wofully particular, so I then thought, did not at all relish the appearance of things under my care; it was too evident for me not to know it. 'I hate' and 'I dread,' premised every kitchen day, until at length dishes, plates, pots and pans, in a most untoward state, began to accumulate frightfully upon my hands. My husband was silent and cool; I, fretful and fault-finding; a sad pass! 'This will never, never do!' I ejaculated one cold, gray morning, when everything looked graver and more cheerless than ever. My closets, drawers, and store room! Had the rats and the mice made such a strife, then were there somebody to blame. As it was, ah me! 'but it wont do!' and I began to look about me. From beneath a little shelf under the sink, I drew out two stew-pans, first one and then the other, with apple burnt and baked and crusted on them. I had stowed them away without courage to enfore the scraping and scrubbing necessary to their restoration on the upper shelf. Every day for a week had they peeped out, and every day had I tried to push them further under; but no, not they; and now they stood out as large as life, with a dozen plates in a similar condition. How I loathed the sight of those stew-pans, with cold, greasy water standing in their bottoms. What shall I do! At this point, a scene of my cowardly inefficiency flashed across my mind. There I was, shrinking and shivering between the two stew-pans!

"'No longer shall this be,' I resolved instantly. Taking off my rings—and rings are wonderfully in the way of washing up dishes—and tying on a checked apron, I heroically seized a stew-pan by the brim. Scrape, scrape, scrape, washing, rinsing, and they were clean, invitingly clean. Two nice, round, agreeably favored stew-pans stared me in the face; I turned them over; not a speck or flaw could be detected. I had done it, actually done it, and not so bad work either. I smiled complacently upon the two, and they reflected my smiles. From that moment I took courage; I resolved *to do*, and then inward strength rose up. From that moment, Mary, I never suffered myself to shrink from, or dread, or put off anything. Whatever was to be done, I did it, and in the *right time*, and from that time, too, difficulties began to vanish. I found I could do, nay, and I *would do*. Depend upon it, Mary, you must seize right hold of your domestic duties and discharge them promptly and effectually if you would be faithful to yourself and your household. Shrinking, dreading, putting off, cools the water, without washing up. Long time after, if ever I flagged, away I ran to the shelves, to refresh my courage by a look at the two stew pans. They encouraged and strengthened me. Those dear old stew-pans, with faces so clean and sound. From them I date all my house-keeping skill and efficiency. My husband does not know how much he owes them when he surveys my domain with so satisfied an air. Yes, Mary, the secret of it is, after long misdoing we must have a starting point, a something on which to begin in good earnest, seriously. One thing well achieved, and we take courage for the next. And now, Mary, what lesson do you learn from this?"

"That I must instantly see if the salt is in the pot, and boiling, too," cried Mary, brightly, hastening away with more alacrity than I had yet seen her exhibit toward the kitchen.

Ah yes, young house-keeper, prompt achievement is the very soul of house-keeping! If you have been a busy idler during your maidenhood, in your mother's parlor, you have little prospect of usefulness, prosperity, or enjoyment, as a wife, a mother, and a matron, unless you are willing to see with your own eyes, to work with your own hands, and become the ubiquitous mistress of your household.

Beautiful Poem.

THE WIFE TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

Linger not long! Home is not home without thee;
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn;
Oh! let thy memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return.
Linger not long!

Linger not long! Tho' crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends, tho' dear,
Assuage the pain, the grief, thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?
Linger not long!

Linger not long! How shall I watch thy coming
Through the long day, with thoughts no tongue can tell,
Till the wild bee has ceased its busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell?
Linger not long!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill?
How I shall weep, when I can watch no longer—
Oh! art thou absent—art thou absent still?
Linger not long!

Yet I should grieve not, tho' the eye that seeth thee
Gazeth through tears that make its lustre dull,
For, oh! I sometimes fear, when thou art near me,
My cup of happiness is all too full!
Linger not long!

Haste thee, oh, haste! unto thy peaceful dwelling!
Haste, as a bird unto its own loved nest!
Haste, as the bark, when tempests wild are swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!
Linger not long!

[Old Houses in Chester.]

HOUSES AS THEY WERE.

The engraving that we lay before our readers this week, is of an old house in Chester, England; and illustrates the peculiar manner of building, that prevailed many centuries ago not only in England, but in Germany, and other parts of the continent. In the second story of each house was a gallery, which *generally* projected over the street below; and there being no division between these galleries, persons were able to walk in them around each square or block of houses.

The streets below had the advantage of being sheltered from the rain by these overhanging galleries, but they were also kept very damp by them, so that it was a decided improvement when they were done away with.

The architecture, it will also be noted, is very peculiar, and the whole picture reminds one of a departed age.

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

ROSE, MULTIFLORA. *Grace.*

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. — *Milton.*

ROSE, HALF BLOWN. *Love.*

I know what 'tis to love
A spiritual beauty, and behind the foil
Of an unblemished loveliness, still find
Charms of an higher order, and a power
Deeper and more resistless. — *Percival.*

'Tis this that binds me with a spell,
Whose power, I find no words to tell. — *Mrs. Childs.*

Oh! say not, that
Truth and fervor, and devotedness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die with their own fulness. — *Willis.*

ROSE-BUD, WHITE. *A Heart that is Ignorant of Love.*

No—let me be
"In maiden meditation, fancy free!" — *Shaks.*

All its joys and pains to others I resign,
Be the vacant heart, the careless bosom, mine! — *Moore.*

ROSE, WHITE, AND WITHERED. *Transient Impressions.*

We met in lighted halls, and our spirits took their tone,
Like other dreams of midnight, with colder morning flown—
And thinkest thou to ever win a single tear from me?
Lightly one and lightly lost, love, I shed no tear for thee!

* * * * * *

No vow was ever plighted, we had no farewell to say,
Gay were we when we met at first, and we parted just as gay,
'Twas one of youth's fair follies by which no shade is cast,
One of its airy vanities, and like them it hath past. — *L. E. L.*

ROSE, WILD. *Romance Inspiring Charms.*

A form more beautiful,
Houri or child of the air, ne'er glanc'd upon
A poet's dream. Her voice was sweet
And full of music, and did bear a charm
Like numbers floating from the breathed flute
Caught afar off. — *Barry Cornwall.*

She had that sparkling wit, which is like light,
Making all things touch'd with its radiance bright;
And a sweet voice, whose words would charm all round,
Altho' they had no other charm than sound.
And many nam'd her name, and each with praise;
Some with her passionate beauty fill'd their gaze,
Some marked her graceful step, and others spoke
Of the so many hearts that own'd the yoke
Of her bewildering smile. — *L. E. L. Venetian Bracelet.*

ROSE, MAIDEN'S BLUSH. *If You Do Love Me, You Will Find Me Out.*

I do betray myself with blushing! — *Shaks.*

Confusion thrilled me then, and secret joy,
Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart,
And mantling upward, turned my face to crimson. — *Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.*

ROSE-BUD. *Admiration.*

She attracts me daily, with her gentle virtues
Soft, and beautiful, and heavenly! — *Hillhouse.*

Her virtues blossom daily, and pour out
A fragrance upon all who in her path
Have fellowship. — *Willis.*

Salmagundi.

APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT.

Mrs. Jamison, in her "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad," gives the following account of a punishment described to her at Frankfort:

"One of the most delightful peculiarities of Frankfort, one that most struck my fancy, is the public garden, planted on the site of the ramparts; a girdle of verdure and shade—of trees and flowers circling the whole city, accessible to all and on every side—the promenade of the rich, the solace of the poor. Fifty men are employed to keep it in order, and it is forbidden to steal the flowers or to kill the singing birds which haunt the shrubberies. A short time before we arrived, some mischievous wretch had shot a nightingale in this public garden, and was caught in the act. His punishment was characteristic; his hands were tied behind him, and a label setting forth his crime was fixed on his breast; in this guise, with a police officer on each side, he was marched all round the gardens, and made the circuit of the city, pursued by the hisses of the populace, and the abhorrent looks of the upper classes; he was not otherwise punished, but he never again made his appearance within the walls of the city. This was the only instance which I could learn of the infraction of a law which might seem at least nugatory."

We wish that some such punishment could be devised here, for the hard-hearted or thoughtless boys, who, in the spring, shoot the cheerful feathered songsters of our woods and fields, for *amusement*.

A LEGEND OF KING DAVID.

When King David was flying across the Desert of Ziph, pursued by Saul, he grew impatient at the quantity of spiders' webs which he had to break, and one day, when he was picked by a worm, he cried out in his passion, "Great God! why hast thou created flies and spiders, which are of no use, and only serve to hurt me?" "I will make you understand," said a prophetic voice.

Some time afterward, he descended Mount Achild, and ventured by night into the camp of Saul, to deprive him of his arms and his cup. After having succeeded in his project, he was about to retire, when his foot became entangled in the legs of the faithful Abner, who slept beside Saul. Great was the embarrassment of David, how he should disengage his foot from the hold of Abner, without awakening this valiant servant, and finding himself surprised thus, alone, in the camp of the enemy.

David's anxiety was at its height, when a fly bit Abner on the leg, and the pain which the warrior felt, made him make a movement, of which David availed himself to withdraw his foot; he then fled quickly, thanking God for having created flies.

Saul, however, pursued him into the Desert, and to escape him, David had slipped into a cavern, when God sent a spider, which wove its web across the entrance of this rock. Saul and Abner were quickly in the footsteps of the fugitive, and Abner said, "he is doubtless concealed in the hollow of this rock; let us go and seek him there."

"It is useless," answered Saul, "do you not see that the entrance of this cavern is covered with a spider's web, and that no one could have entered without breaking this delicate tissue?"

"You are right," answered Abner, and they retired, to continue their search in another part of the Desert.

Then David cast himself on the ground, and cried, "Lord, pardon me, for having doubted thy wisdom; henceforth my feeble understanding shall not cease to humble itself before the sublime harmonies of creation. Lord, the smallest of thy creatures are of use to man; the spiders and the flies themselves have a part to perform in nature. Lord, what thou sayest is well; what thou doest is just."

ANECDOTE OF A FRENCH BISHOP.—The deputy, M. Charles, lately gave a grand dinner at which the Bishop of Chartres was present. After dinner there was a reception, and the ladies of the country aristocracy came in full dress—in flowing silks and satins, and sparkling with diamonds. As these ladies were dressed very low in the neck, his Grace affected to be greatly scandalized, and retired very early.

"What, my lord, do you leave so soon?" said the master of the house.

"Certainly," replied the prelate—"these women shove me out by the shoulders."

SO MUCH FOR TICKLING.—A young man and his sweetheart, passing along a canal at Plymouth, England, commenced tickling and toying with each other, and were so eagerly engaged in the frolic that they tumbled into the canal, which changed the whole face of affairs. They were hauled out in a pretty plight, and adjourned further tickling until they got home.

☞ To what color does a flogging change a boy's complexion? It makes him yell-O.

Our Scrap Book.

MORGAN JONES AND THE DEVIL.

"Why, yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that same, sure enough; I used to meet with him now and then, but we fell out, and I have not seen him these two months."

"Aye!" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that, Morgan?"

"Why, then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all."

And thereupon Morgan emptied his pot, and had it filled again, and took a puff off his pipe and began his story.

"Well, then," says he, "you must know that I had not seen his honor for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this, that I went one evening along the brook, shooting wild fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming but the devil himself! But, you must know, he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trowsers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are ye?' and, says I, touching my hat, 'Pretty well, your honor, I thank ye.' And then says he, 'Morgan, what are ye looking after, and what's that long thing ye're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook, this fine evening, and carrying my backy-pipe with me to smoke.' Well, you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the backy; so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and I'll thank you.' And, says I, 'You'r mighty welcome.' So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and thinks I, 'I have you now, old boy,' 'cause, you see, I wanted to quarrel with him; so I pulled trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth. 'Puff!' says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and stopped a minute to think about it—and says he, 'Blamed strong backy, Morgan!' Then he gave me the gun, and looked buffed, and walked off, and sure enough, I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shut of the old gentleman, my boys!—*Wright's Essays on the Superstitions of England.*

A PARODY.

FROM A WESTERN PAPER.

Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered lone and weary,
Over many an olden paper, reading forgotten stories o'er,
Suddenly I heard a curious, lonely, ghostly, strange, mysterious
Grating underneath the floor!
'Tis some little mouse, I muttered, underneath the office floor.
Only this, and nothing more.

And again I trimmed my taper, and once more resumed my paper—
Aged, forsaken, antique paper,—poring its ancient contents o'er,
When again I heard repeating this same strange, mysterious grating,
But much louder than before;
And it seemed like some one sawing wood beneath the office floor.
'Tis no mouse, thought I, but more.

As I listened, each particular hair stood upright, perpendicular,
Cold, out-standing drops, orbicular, my forehead covered o'er;
While a strange, mysterious terror, filled my soul with fear and horror,
Such as I ne'er felt before.
Much I wondered what this curious grating meant, beneath the floor;
Thus I sat and eyed the door.

And thus watching, gazing, pond'ring, trembling, doubting, fearing, wond'ring,
Suddenly the wall was sundering, as for Banquo's ghost of yore;
And while gazing, much astounded, instantly therefrom there bounded
A huge *Rat* upon the floor!
Not the least obeisance made he, but a moment stopped and staid he,
Stopp'd and looked, and nothing more.

And while gazing at each other, suddenly out sprang another,
Something greyer than the other, with the weight of years he bore.
Then, with imprecations dire, high I raised my boot, and higher,
And a step advancing nigher, whirled it swift across the floor;
But the little imps had scatter'd, and the door was bruised and batter'd;
That it hit, but nothing more!

VERSES,

Supposed to be written by William Smith O'Brien.

FROM PUNCH.

[Our readers are probably all aware that the Mr. Smith O'Brien mentioned above, is an eminent Repealer in the British House of Commons, who refused, recently, to serve upon a Railroad Committee, upon the plea, we believe, that his duties to the cause of Ireland would not allow him time to attend the meetings of the Committee. The House, thereupon, put him into confinement for disrespect—and Punch, which must have its laugh, has been ever since poking all manner of fun at the honorable gentleman. We trust that all our readers, however they may differ as to the justice of the treatment Mr. O'Brien has received, are ready for a laugh with Punch, almost at any thing or any body. The verses are supposed to be written by Mr. O'Brien during, as Punch says, "his solitary abode in the cellar of the House of Commons." Our readers will perceive they are a parody on Cowper's Alexander Selkirk.]

I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the breakfast time round to the tay,
I see neither Saxon nor brute.
Oh Solitude! where's the attractions,
That sages have seen in your face?
Better dwell in the midst of the Saxons,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish the Session alone,
Ne'er cry "hear!" to an illigant speech,—
Sure I start at the sound of my own.
Them beasts, the attindants and waithers,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unaccustomed to Marthyrs,
Their coolness is shocking to me.

Society—blarney—abuse,—
Gifts dear to the boys of my name!
Oh, had I the *wings* of a goose,
It's soon I'd be out of this same.
I then might enliven my gloom
In the ways of repealers and men,
Might learn from the wisdom of HUME,
And be cheered by the sallies of BEN.

Ye Mimbers, that make me your sport,
Oh convey to this desolate door
A *Times*, with a faithful report
Of the House I shall visit no more.
My friends, sure they now and then send
A joke or a laugh after me?
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
Though BENTINCK I'm never to see.

The attindant is gone to his rest,
The Saxon lies down in his lair,—
While I think of the Isle of the West,
And turn on my bed in despair.
But whiskey is still to be had;
And the whiskey—encouraging thought!
As it is not by any means bad,
Half reconciles me to my lot.

THE DEW.

The Dew, celebrated through all times and in every tongue for its sweet influence, presents the most beautiful and striking illustration of the Divine agency in the economy of nature, and exhibits one of those wise and bountiful adaptations by which the whole system of things, animate and inanimate, is fitted and bound together. All bodies on the surface of the earth radiate and throw out rays of heat, in straight lines—every warmer body to every colder; and the entire surface is itself continually sending rays upwards through the clear air into free space. Thus, on the earth's surface all bodies strive, as it were, after an equal temperature, (an equilibrium of heat,) while the surface, as a whole, tends generally toward a cooler state. But while the sun shines, this cooling will not take place, for the earth then receives in general more heat than it gives off; and if the clear sky be shut out by a canopy of clouds, these will arrest and again throw back a portion of the heat, and prevent it from being so speedily dissipated. At night, then, when the sun is absent, the earth will cool the most; on clear nights, also, more than when it is cloudy; and when clouds only partially obscure the sky, those parts will become coolest which look toward the clearest portions of the heavens.

Now, when the surface cools, the air in contact must cool also; and like the warm currents on the mountain side, must forsake a portion of the watery vapor it has hitherto retained. This water, like the floating mist on the hills, descends in particles almost infinitely minute. These particles collect on every leaflet, and suspend themselves from every blade of grass, in drops of "pearly dew." And mark here a beautiful adaptation. Different substances are endowed with the property of radiating their heat, and thus becoming cool with different degrees of rapidity; and those substances, which, in the air, become cool first, also attract first and most abundantly the particles of falling dew. Thus, in the cool of a summer's evening, the grass-plot is wet while the gravel-walk is dry; and the thirsty pasture and every green leaf are drinking in the descending moisture, while the naked land and the barren highway are still unconscious of their fall.—*Prof. Johnston on Agricultural Chemistry.*

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR JULY.

THE BUILDERS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, nor low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain
And one boundless reach of sky.

The Instructor.

Why do weak-minded persons prize a much-worn wedding ring?

Because of the old proverb—

As your wedding-ring wears,
Your cares will wear away.

This, observes Brand, has often been quoted to encourage and hasten the consent of a diffident and timorous mistress.

Why was the ring placed on the left hand?

Because this hand is much less used than the right, and therefore the ring was less liable to be bruised or broken. This is from an old Latin author, and we find a similar reply in the *British Apollo*, 1788, and that, "for the same reason, the fourth finger was chosen, which is not only less used than either of the rest, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises, having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be singly stretched out to their full length and straightness." The rigid notion of married women never putting off the wedding-ring, is supposed to have originated in the Popish custom of hallowing the ring, besides the remembrance of the expression "till death us do part," in the marriage service.

Why are Gretna Green marriages so named?

Because the first mock priest, by whom this trade was founded, resided on the common or green betwixt Graitney and Springfield, on the borders of Scotland, but removed to the latter place in 1791, where his successors have since resided.

Why are not Gretna Green marriages prevented by the Scottish Church?

Because the mock priest or coupler despises the threats of the kirk, as excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict. An attempt was made, in the General Assembly of 1826, to have this shameful system of fraud and profanity suppressed, but without effect. Upon an average, three hundred couples are married in the year, and half a guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged. In its legal aspect, the ceremony performed at Gretna merely amounts to a confession before witnesses that certain persons are man and wife; and the reader is aware that little more is required to constitute a marriage in Scotland; a marriage which is perfectly binding in regard to property and the legitimacy of children.

Why did the Jews break the glass out of which the bride and bridegroom had drunk?

Because it might admonish them of mortality.

Why is it customary with some to salute the bride the moment the marriage ceremony is concluded?

Because of the ancient nuptial kiss in the Church, enjoined by the York and Sarum Missals. So in dancing, a kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. What would the patronesses of Almacks say to such a custom in these days!

Fun and Frolic.

A LITTLE MORE.—A New England merchant, who had accumulated a vast property by care and industry, yet still was as busy as ever in adding vessel to vessel, and store to store, though considerably advanced in life, being asked by a neighbor, how much property he supposed would satisfy a human being—after a short pause replied, "*A little more.*"

☞ "I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster Bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. Says I, 'How are you?' 'Pretty well, I thank you, Donely,' says he. Says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' says he. So we looked at each other, and faith it turned out to be neither of us."

☞ In a company of rustics, the other day, a man was saying that the Italians had no "w" in their language. "How, then," demanded a countryman, with a mingled air of triumph and contempt, "do such chaps as them spell *wagon*?" This was a poser.

☞ Judge Jeffrey, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane, who was about to be tried, said, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, replied, "at which end, my lord?"

CONSTABLE.—A species of snapping turtle.

LAWYER.—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

RURAL FELICITY.—Potatoes and turnips.

HOPE.—A traitor.

AN INSULT.—The editor of the Sandy Hill Herald has been "insulted by a gentleman from whom he expected better treatment," who walked into the office, and deliberately asked him to change a *fifty dollar bill*.

☞ An Irish gentleman thus addressed an indolent servant, who indulged himself in bed at a late hour in the morning—"Fall to rising, you spalpeen, fall to rising! Don't stand there lying in bed all day!"

NEW ATTACHMENT TO THE PIANO.—A man in Boston went home the other evening, and found a new and somewhat original attachment on his wife's piano. It was put on by the sheriff.

☞ The Rabbis ought to be ashamed of themselves for the scandalous saying that ten baskets of chatter were let down from heaven, and that "the women appropriated nine of them."

☞ A letter having been advertised in Cincinnati for "The Prettiest Girl," the demand for it was so great that the clerks were obliged to write several hundred copies of the letter.

END OF JUSTICE.—A lawyer by the name of End, received the appointment of Justice of Peace, and soon after, a wit wrote on the door of his office, "*Here justice comes to an End.*"

☞ Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive.

☞ Auctioneers are wonderful strong men, as they will sometimes *knock down* the largest brick or stone buildings with a single blow of the hammer.

☞ A man who kept a tippling house, asked his neighbor what he should put upon his sign? "Write," said his neighbor, "*Beggars made here!*"

☞ The old joke is not a bad one about the corporal's wife, who said to the general's lady,—"*We officers' wives* ought to dine by ourselves."

☞ A down east editor says there is a girl in his section with a breath so sweet that they talk of boiling it down for molasses.

☞ Why is a man with his eyes shut like an ignorant schoolmaster? Because he keeps his pupils in the dark.

☞ "Where there's a will, there's a way," as the woman said when she wiped the dishes with the door mat.

HOPE.—A sentiment expressed in the wag of a dog's tail, when he is waiting for a bone.

☞ "That's into him," as the oyster said when he was swallowed.

☞ If you *beat* me I will call out the soldiers, says the drum.

☞ "You'll break my heart," as the oak said to the axe.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 18, 3, 6, 18, is a lake.
My 10, 6, 1, 11, is a town in South America.
My 7, 2, 10, 9, 1, is a town in North Carolina.
My 13, 8, 2, 1, 7, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 16, 11, 3 is a river in North Carolina.
My 1, 5, 8, 8, 14, is a river in Illinois.
My 4, 5, 6, 17, 9, 13, is a town in South America.
My 12, 15, 11, 3, is a Cape.
My whole is the name of a distinguished General who served in the Revolution. — T. H.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Below I send you a singular combination of letters, which, by beginning at the centre letter S and reading either way to the side and ending in either of the corners, will spell Saturday Evening Post.

Hughesville, Va. — S. H. ROGERS.

T	S	O	P	G	N	I	N	E	V	E	N	I	N	G	P	O	S	T
S	O	P	G	N	I	N	E	V	E	V	E	N	I	N	G	P	O	S
O	P	G	N	I	N	E	V	E	Y	E	V	E	N	I	N	G	P	O
P	G	N	I	N	E	V	E	Y	A	Y	E	V	E	N	I	N	G	P
G	N	I	N	E	V	E	Y	A	D	A	Y	E	V	E	N	I	N	G
N	I	N	E	V	E	Y	A	D	R	D	A	Y	E	V	E	N	I	N
I	N	E	V	E	Y	A	D	R	U	R	D	A	Y	E	V	E	N	I
N	E	V	E	Y	A	D	R	U	T	U	R	D	A	Y	E	V	E	N
E	V	E	Y	A	D	R	U	T	A	T	U	R	D	A	Y	E	V	E
V	E	Y	A	D	R	U	T	A	S	A	T	U	R	D	A	Y	E	V
E	V	E	Y	A	D	R	U	T	A	T	U	R	D	A	Y	E	V	E
N	E	V	E	Y	A	D	R	U	T	U	R	D	A	Y	E	V	E	N
I	N	E	V	E	Y	A	D	R	U	R	D	A	Y	E	V	E	N	I
N	I	N	E	V	E	Y	A	D	R	D	A	Y	E	V	E	N	I	N
G	N	I	N	E	V	E	Y	A	D	A	Y	E	V	E	N	I	N	G
P	G	N	I	N	E	V	E	Y	A	Y	E	V	E	N	I	N	G	P
O	P	G	N	I	N	E	V	E	Y	E	V	E	N	I	N	G	P	O
S	O	P	G	N	I	N	E	V	E	V	E	N	I	N	G	P	O	S
T	S	O	P	G	N	I	N	E	V	E	N	I	N	G	P	O	S	T

CHARADE.

My first emits a faint light,
My second to wood has affiance;
My whole is high polished and bright,
And my first on its aid has reliance.

RIDDLE.

I have no head, and a tail I lack,
But oh! have arms, and legs, and back;
I inhabit the palace, the tavern, the cot—
'Tis a beggarly residence where I am not.
If a monarch were present, (I tell you no fable,)
I still should be placed at the head of the table.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a button-hole like a cloudy day?

Why is an impertinent fellow like a waterman?

Why is a man marrying a coquette, like a passage in the Midsummer Night's dream?

Why is your father's mother like the tallest soldier in the regiment?

Why is a drunkard like a tanner?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHARADE.
RAILROAD.

RIDDLE.
The vowels—a, e, i, o, u.

CONUNDRUMS.
A RING.
IT WANTS NEW TRIMMING.
IT HAS A PUPIL UNDER THE LASH.
HIS HEAD TURNS ROUND.
THE DARK.
THERE IS NOT A SINGLE PERSON IN IT.

Culinary Department.

RECEIPTS.

CREAM CUP CAKE.—Four cups of flour; two cups of sugar; three cups of cream; and four eggs. Beat it well, and bake in square tin pans. When cold, cut in squares.

Bake in a quick oven.

CITRON COMPOSITION CAKE.—One pound and a half of flour; one pint of milk; one pound and a quarter of sugar; three-quarters of a pound of butter; and half a pound of citron cut in slips; one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in milk; and four well-beaten eggs! add half a nutmeg and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Beat the whole well together, and bake in square tin pans, in a quick oven.

When cold, cut it in squares or diamonds, and, if you like, ice it.

FRIED CAKES.—One quart of milk; half a pound of butter; six eggs, and two pounds of sugar; one pound of raisins; one teaspoonful of saleratus, and as much flour as will make a stiff batter. Beat it well, and fry in boiling lard.

Take up the batter by spoonfuls, and drop it in the hot fat. Each spoonful makes a cake. If the fat is not boiling hot, the cakes will absorb it, and thereby be made unfit for eating. If too hot, they will be too dark colored—try it by dropping in one. Shake the pot while the cakes are it, to make them boil evenly.

POUND CAKE.—One pound of flour; one pound of sugar; one pound of butter; and eight eggs; one teaspoonful of essence of lemon, or rose water, and half a nutmeg.

Beat the butter to a cream; beat the yolks and sugar together; then add them, with the flour, to the butter; and, lastly, add the whites of the eggs beaten to a high froth. Continue beating the mixture till the oven is ready; line some round or square tin pans with buttered paper; put in the mixture an inch and a half deep, and bake in a quick oven. If the pans are square, cut the cake in small squares when cold.

The Olio.

THE LOST HEART.

BY MRS. SARAH J. CLARKE.

"Say, have you found the heart I lost,
As you and I, last night,
The fragrant new-mown meadow crossed
Beneath the sweet star light?"

"I have a heart—but ere I show it,
'Tis fair thou should'st define,
The private marks by which thou'lt know it—
No doubt the heart is thine."

"Well 'twas not hard, nor very strong,
A loving, little heart—
Filled with sweet raptures, and wild song,
But all unskilled in art.

'Twas like, in its free joyous youth,
A bird upon the wing—
A worshipper of love and truth,
And every blessed thing."

"Well, here's the heart so fond and true—
I never could forsake it;
Yet rightfully belongs to you
The priceless gem—then take it."

"I thank you, sir. But hold, look here!
I said my heart was small—
This great warm throbbing heart, 'tis clear,
Is not my heart at all."

"Aha, a roguish plunderer thou!
So this nice heart is *thine*!
No matter though, I'll keep it now,
'Tis most as good as mine."

MUSICAL PRONUNCIATION.—The New London Advocate gives the following, the truth of which will be allowed by all who have paid attention to the indistinct pronunciation of choirs, when singing. The following is the verse usually sung to the tune of Old Hundred:

"Be thou, Oh God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed."

and is often redered thus:

Be-he thou-hou he Gaw-hawed he ex ha aul ted he-igh
He and ha-as the igh glo-ho-ry fi-hills the he ske igh,
So-ho le-et h it be-ee ho-on er-earth de-is played,
Ti-ill thou-hou ar-at he ere a-as there o-be y-hade

☞ A witty and facetious old gentleman being asked—"Why are lovers like crows?"—returned the following impromptu:

They've *caws* of love and of applause,
And seldom quarrel without *caws*, (cause)
Each views the other as a *crow-nie*, (crony)
They never wrangle about money,
And while the ills of life they share,
Are building castles high in air,
They are too *flighty* for deep thought,
But quickly tam'd when fairly caught.
U. S. Gazette.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this part of an old and familiar song is a vast deal older than the very song itself; but such is the fact, nevertheless, as in the 63d verse of the 24th Chapter of Genesis doth plainly and at large appear, as followeth:—

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the fields at the eventide; and he lifted up his eyes and saw, and behold *the* CAMELS *were coming*."

WANT OF ENTERPRISE IN SPANISH COUNTRIES.—Waddy Thompson, in his late work on Mexico says, "I believe it is true, and it is most remarkable, if true, that there is not in the world such a thing as a railroad in any country where the Spanish language is spoken, with the exception of Cuba, *which latter owes its existence to American enterprise.*"

A JUST REPROOF.—A lady who had married a man of great good-nature, but a little deficient in point of understanding, was reproached by her brother-in-law, who told her in derision that she had coupled herself to a fool. "So has my sister," she replied, "for no man of sense would endeavor to give any woman a mean opinion of her husband."

A NOVEL EXPEDIENT.—A young man in a Southern State, very much troubled by the flies took this novel way to get rid of them: he hung up several strings, then darkened the room and lit a lamp, upon which the flies went to roost upon the strings, which as soon as they were filled he would cut off and throw into the street.

☞ Here is a receipt that is worth the price of your paper for a year:—

"Take a pint of pulverized charcoal and put it into a bag, then put it into a barrel of new cider and the cider will never ferment, will never contain any intoxicating quality, and is more and more palatable the longer it is kept.

☞ It is stated that the Whigs of Virginia alone have subscribed the very handsome sum of $[illegible] for the relief and support of the mother and sister of the late John Hampden Pleasants; numerous donations have been received, also, from citizens of other States.

☞ The ancients represented Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, as treading upon a tortoise, indicating thereby, that virgins ought not to ramble from home; and that married women ought to be silent, love their own homes, and govern their family.

THE DRUKARD'S OATH.

Sam Scapegrace once devoutly swore,
That while he breath'd, by Heavens! he'd drink no more;
But Sam meant nothing more, I'm thinking,
Than that he would not breathe *while he was drinking*.

☞ Lord Bacon has said, "There are three things which make a nation great and prosperous—a fertile soil, busy work-shops, and *easy conveyances* for men and commodities from one place to another."

☞ When molasses is used in cooking, it is a prodigious improvement to boil and skim it before use. It takes out the unpleasant raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar.

☞ Those who say "come, boys!" effect much and do it well; while those who say "go boys" accomplish little, and that badly.

☞ A man who gets through the world without a kick, may rest assured that he is generally considered not worth minding.

☞ Fire is never satisfied with wood, the ocean with rivers, death with mankind, nor a coquette with lovers.

☞ What is the reason a lady can't whistle? Because she can never cease talking long enough.

☞ A man "out West" is so remarkably tall that he has to go up a ladder to shave himself.

☞ The whole vast circumference—all the Boulevards—of Paris, are now lighted with gas.

☞ He who buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.